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**Reports
from
Nuremberg**

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Yaroslav Halan

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Reports

Translated from the Ukrainian
by Anatole Bilenko

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Yaroslav Halan (1902—1949), the outstanding Soviet Ukrainian writer, is known to the readers as a brilliant pamphleteer and acute political journalist.

After the outbreak of the Great Patriotic War of 1941—1945 he soon became a prolific radio commentator. In this field he skilfully applied his knowledge of the history of fascism, especially where it concerned the treason of Hitler's Ukrainian nationalistic agents. He retraced every step of their service to the nazis and exposed to the whole world their atrocities in temporarily occupied Ukraine.

Historical authenticity, profound analysis of social issues, accuracy of presentation, and political foresightedness are among the chief attributes of Halan's literary output. During the hardest time for the Soviet people Halan was writing with firm belief about the inevitable failure of fascism. In June 1942, six months before the conclusion of the Battle of Stalingrad, he prophesied in his pamphlet *Payment in Advance* (included in the present collection), that the leaders of the Third Reich, still at the height of their power, would, nevertheless, soon be brought before the trial of nations, and "it will be a trial unprecedented in history."

It was therefore appropriate that Halan, in 1945—1946, represented the Soviet Ukrainian press at the Nuremberg trial of the principal war criminals of nazi Germany. At the same time he visited many European countries and noted down his impressions in a whole series of pamphlets and reports dealing with the world struggle against fascism and the danger of a new war. The "progeny of fascism has not

yet disappeared from the face of the earth," he wrote. "The dark forces, which once reared Mussolini and Hitler, are still alive and active... And it is the bounden duty of everyone of us to wage a consistent, relentless struggle against reaction — in all its forms.

"It is to this cause that I have dedicated this modest collection of reports and stories. Written at different times, they nonetheless have one common idea: to bring nearer the day when real freedom becomes the privilege of all mankind."

The reports in the present collection were written thirty years ago, but their message to the modern reader is as relevant as ever.

THE NATURE OF FASCISM

My "acquaintance" with fascism started way back in 1923 in the library of Vienna University, when its traditionally solemn silence was interrupted all of a sudden by what sounded like the clattering of hooves of a herd of sluggish Bavarian stallions. A gang of thugs, clutching cudgels in their hands, burst into the reading room without taking off their caps. The cudgels spoke for themselves: they were the symbol, the emblem, the adornment and weapon of the first Austrian supporters of Hitler — the students of the College of Agronomy (mostly composed of rich landowners' boys).

The leader of the gang, a lanky, red-haired fellow with a pince-nez, shouted in an overstrained falsetto:

"Alle Juden müssen heraus!" *

In a couple of minutes the library hall was empty; in protest against such an outrageous profanation of the alma mater, almost all of those present left.

The would-be SS men did not expect such a turn of events. Pale with rage, they stood silently

* Alle Juden müssen heraus! — All Jews must get out! (Ger.) — Tr.

on either side of the entrance. Then one of them shouted, "Give it to them!", and a couple of dozen cudgels swished through the air. The mad rowdies did not spare anyone. Falling down the marble stairway, young men gashed their heads, blood poured down the faces of young women. All this was to the accompaniment of booing, laughing and howling from the exuberant two-legged beasts.

When the last victim's head crashed against the banister, the beasts formed fours and marched toward the University in military formation. The aforementioned falsetto shrieked, "Wacht am Rhein!" * and the pack began howling in response.

I shall never forget that Wacht am Rhein.

Some weeks after I had the opportunity of looking into the face of fascism once again, this time at a more advanced stage of its development. The mail ship running from Naples to Palermo came in to the capital of Sicily on the very day elections to the first fascist "parliament" were being held. It was the same story as in Naples, Rome, Florence and Venice: overhead, garish flags hit your eye, and the walls, fences and telegraph poles were plastered with no less garish posters depicting scantily clad personages who were supposed to look like ancient Romans.

* Wacht am Rhein — Watch on the Rhine (Ger.) — name of a fascist hymn — Tr.

There was another peculiar feature to the scene: an unprecedented number of policemen of all types — city, military, "national." Even the exotic carabinieri walked the streets not in pairs, as they always did, but in whole throngs. It seemed as if all Palermo had donned policemen's uniforms for the elections.

There was also commotion at the little hotel in the Quattro Canti where I stayed. I had just had time for a wash, when my room was filled with police and various military types. A portly gentleman wearing civilian clothes asked me for my passport. Upon seeing the word "Polonia" (Poland) in it, he raised his artily twisted, soot-black moustache and said:

"Your passport is forged! Instead of 'Bologna' it has some 'Polonia' written in it."

I don't know what time I had to embark on a lecture in that country to explain that besides the city of Bologna there was a European nation called Poland, when a number of pistol shots rang out below, almost right under the windows. The gentleman dropped on all fours, grew pale and screamed out some sort of command. In a second the whole gang with the gentleman bringing up the rear rushed down the stairs and into the street.

The atmosphere was getting a bit too close; I wanted to get out of town to where there were no police, where the rose-colored 400-meter high

slopes of Monte Pellegrino dropped sheer to the bright-blue sea. An hour later I was at the foot of the mountain. From here I could reach its summit by a meandering tourist highway or by a considerably shorter, albeit harder route — along the bottom of a deep, stony gully spanned with a network of viaducts. I chose the second route.

The heat was a real torture, the climbing was getting harder with every step. The heat, bouncing back from every rock, made my head ache, I was sweating all over. Only the viaducts provided some patches of shade. I was just about to take a rest under one of them, when something clinked overhead and a pace from where I stood a boulder hit the ground with a dull thud and shattered into little pieces. I raised my eyes. On the viaduct I saw some Black Shirts wearing caps with dangling strings. Some of them were laughing, others whistling or howling like jackals. I recalled the scene on the library steps in Vienna: the dance there had been to the same tune.

But I had no time for reflection. A number of rocks were flying my way, each of them deadly. I just managed to jump under the vault of the viaduct, as it reverberated with the echo of crashing rocks.

When the footsteps overhead died away, I ventured out of my hiding. After walking some hundred paces from the viaduct, I turned round: the Black Shirts were gone. But I noticed some-

thing which Mussolini's henchmen had overlooked. Across the whole width of the viaduct there blazed in the sun the large red letters of a militant slogan of the Italian underground: *Evviva Lenin! A basso Mussolini!* * To the people who had written these words, Lenin would always be alive, teaching them to be fearless in unequal battle. The sun had not yet set over Italy...

... It was in the autumn of 1930 that my native Galicia started to groan under the iron heel of Pilsudski. In the streets of Lviv rhythmically swayed the white covers of the police caps, and the hooves of uhlan horses clattered on the cobble, as they marched beyond the city where terrorized villages huddled in the mist of the September nights. For three months the Lviv barracks remained empty, and throughout these three months carts with maimed peasants kept streaming into the city day and night. Since the hospitals did not accept them, they died of gangrene in dark stinking courtyards, in the murk of damp cellars, while their very deaths were branded as illegal.

Then came 1936, the year of the Bloody Thursday in Lviv.** This time the Polish followers of

* *Evviva Lenin! A basso Mussolini!* — Long live Lenin! Down with Mussolini! (It.)

** Reference to the events of April 16, 1936, during the funeral of the unemployed mason V. Kozak who was brutally killed by the police. The funeral turned into an uprising of the Lviv proletariat.— Tr.

Mussolini and Hitler spared neither the living nor the dead. The body of the unemployed mason, killed by their bullet, was riddled by yet another dozen bullets, and over a hundred of his class brothers and sisters paid with their lives for wanting to pay homage to the deceased.

The murderers wore Polish police uniforms, but the eyes of these policemen looked out from under helmets of German vintage. This detail spoke for itself.

The Ukrainian lackeys of fascism wore neither helmets nor uniforms at that time, being content with liveries of Austrian cut. But in other respects they did not fall behind their Western tutors and protectors; their identical aspirations ended in identical methods. The dirty mask of their idol, Dontsov, concealed the same visage of the vampire which had obscured the sun over Italy and poisoned the air of Germany. Dontsov, it is true, could not seek inspiration in the salons of the Krupps and Kepplers, because he had no access to such salons. But he, as well as Konovalets and Melnik, was quite well off serving those Krupps and Kepplers. The "eternal spirit of the elements," born in the laboratories of the German chemical concern and reared by the chiefs of the intelligence agency of Nikolai and Canaris, was attractive to the Ukrainian mini-Krupps — the Sheptitskys, Lutskys and Sheporoviches — just as it had been to their less fortunate companions whom the

storm of revolution had unseated from their cozy estates on the Dnieper. Embodied in the form of a Hitler martinet, that "eternal spirit of the elements" was to become their Moses who would lead them to the Promised Land, to the lost paradise of black earth, coal and iron ore.

No price was too dear for them. And what about the people? They had always been an abstract notion to them, or even worse: a brainless mob. And should this mob stand in their way, all the worse for the mob. Then they spoke to it in the language of an inquisition at which Torquemada* himself would have paled, for the name of this inquisition was — fascism.

In the autumn of 1937 the warden of the "Brigadka" prison in Lviv used to let out a young blond girl into the courtyard for a walk every morning. We could see the girl walking briskly in circles around the warden from the window of our cell. The walk would last exactly thirty minutes, after which the warden jingled with his keys and the girl reluctantly returned to her cell, swinging her hips in an affected manner.

We did not know who she was and for what offence she had been jailed, but, in the tradition of all prisoners, we sympathized with her and furtively sighed over her fate and her imprisoned youth.

* Torquemada, Tomás de (1420?—1498), Spanish grand inquisitor. His work has left his name a byword for pitiless cruelty.—Tr.

But one morning we heard from the cells below a piercing whistle and shouts of "Murderer!" All of us rushed to the window. The whistling spread from cell to cell. The warden shook his fist at the prisoners, he shouted something, but nobody paid heed to him. The girl circled around him with quick, energetic paces, her eyes were cast to the ground, while her lips, convulsively pressed together, lent her face an expression of what looked like fright or hatred.

Seeing that his threatening gestures did not produce the slightest effect, the warden waved his hand in exasperation and led his prisoner into another courtyard.

That same day we found out the reason of this incident. The fair-haired embodiment of youth proved to be the initiator of and a participant in a brutal murder of a village communist. Bursting into his house, the nationalistic murderers killed him in front of his little children, and, in addition, defiled the corpse. The fascist beast — this time in the person of a 19-year-old blond — had revealed its claws. Later on, during the Hitler occupation, the human blood on these claws would not dry for an hour.

The years of the fascist inquisitors' "triumph" came. I was reminded of these years not only by the ruins of Kharkiv, Kiev and Smolensk, and not only by the graves in Lviv. The story of these horrible times could be read in eyes frozen with

terror, in grim words heavy as stone, and in the faces of children who had forgotten how to smile.

In a couple of years fascism had converted a whole continent into a jungle, where homicide was called a feat, dishonor — honor, cruelty — prowess, venality — honesty, treason — heroism, and insolence — culture. Since the "torch of civilization" had landed in the hands of the fascist invaders it had become a destructive weapon which razed to the ground thousands of cities and transformed millions of fine people to ashes. Even during the blackest hours of its history mankind had never been so close to extinction. There was not and could not have been any compromise: the masters of the fascist jungle worshipped only one law — the law of brute force, and it was only the sword, sharp, heavy and merciless, which could save the world from a conclusive catastrophe.

At the most terrible hour for Europe, this sword was raised by the most suitable of hands, the hands of the Soviet people.

Hitler's tanks, which in a "gay" march had crushed all of Europe, crawled up to the outskirts of Moscow on November 6, 1941. And when a couple of weeks later the fascist horde had been battered back remorselessly by this bastion of freedom and progress, all of us understood that it could not have been otherwise.

Victory came, and with it the day of reckoning. The murderers of mankind landed in the dock.

When I was leaving for the Nuremberg trial, I was not expecting any surprises. I had already a rather intimate knowledge of the nature of fascism, and, so I thought, I was familiar with its minutest details. But facts showed that I was wrong. I knew I would see murderers the like of which history had never seen before, and at the same time I thought that in the face of the inescapable gallows they would at least abide by the most elementary rules of propriety accepted by the hardiest of plunderers and criminals.

But the Nuremberg defendants lacked even this "morality." These preachers of lupine laws now themselves resembled a pack of rapacious wolves. No sooner would one of them trip and fall than the whole pack pounced on him and tore him to pieces.

Göring, Ribbentrop, Kaltenbrunner, Rosenberg, Frank and Sauckel were quite aware that only a miracle could save them from the gallows — so destructive was the burden of the indictment. All this notwithstanding, they did their utmost, whenever possible, to shove this burden onto the shoulders of their neighbors.

When the instinct of self-preservation got the upper hand, Göring played Kaltenbrunner false, Kaltenbrunner, in turn, did the same to Göring,

Frank to Sauckel, and Sauckel to Frank. The nazi witnesses presented a similarly sorry sight. You should have heard and seen the fervor with which SS General Bach-Zelewski, the hangman of Ukraine and Poland, exposed Göring, and with what delight Göring gibbed to his face: "You lousy dog, you...!"

There were moments, it is true, when Göring attempted to screen some of the defendants, and even took upon himself the role of fascism's ideologue. That was an unforgettable sight! Prompted by quite obvious motives to whitewash Ribbentrop and Keitel (Göring's case was the first to be considered), he tried to present them as semi-freaks who were capable only of licking the boots of the Führer... To make his endeavors look more effective, he occasionally posed as a "committed nazi." But this did not in the least hinder him from mocking at Himmler and at Rosenberg's *Myth*, and, when queried by Lieutenant-General Rudenko, whether he believed in the theory of racial superiority, Göring answered with a sarcastic smile:

"No, I have never accepted that!"

That was the nature of fascism represented by its "aces" who were deservedly punished, leaving not even their ashes behind. But the progeny of fascism has not yet disappeared from the face of the earth. The dark forces, which had once reared Mussolini and Hitler, are still alive and

active. When the representative of a group of German bankers, Schröder, presented Himmler with a million Marks every year for "special purposes," he did not invite the press nor did he give any interviews; we only saw the horrible results of these presents. And today the groups of the "Wilhelm Keppler" type, which, incidentally, have sprouted beyond the frontiers of West Germany as well, don't do that either...

Hardly anyone of those who today make up Anders' large "army in exile" and the remnants of the "SS Division Halychina" would reveal the names of their benefactors. Yet it is a fact that we have to do with a consciously organized reserve army of fascism, which has been set up in the very heart of a Europe devastated by fascism. The Churchills and Marshalls may change their tactics, but the nature of their class, the nature of a beast of prey, will not change. Fascism, its creature, still remains a real danger. And it is the bounden duty of everyone of us to wage a consistent, relentless struggle against reaction — in all its forms.

It is to this cause that I have dedicated this modest collection of reports and stories. Written at different times, they nonetheless have one common idea: to bring nearer the day when real freedom becomes the privilege of all mankind.

1948

PAYMENT IN ADVANCE

Heydrich, the Protector and hangman of Bohemia and Moravia, was urgently summoned to Berlin. His car sped through deserted towns and villages. The occasional pedestrians whom he passed gloomily looked on at the black harbinger of death. Suddenly a short, piercing chatter of automatics rent the air. That same moment the omnipotent ruler and executioner of the Czechs, spilling blood profusely, slumped onto the knees of his fellow passenger.

Within half an hour pale and frightened SS men scurried through the streets of Prague. "The Protector is heavily wounded—for the capture of the culprit the German Government has announced an award of 10 million kronen" screamed the large letters of announcements posted throughout the city. "State of emergency introduced in the Protectorate. Any Czech seen in the street after six p. m. will be shot!" read the still larger letters of other announcements. The hastily mobilized Gestapo went to work. A day after the assassination, the results of the first reprisals were made public: a Czech family of six was shot, including two women and a sixteen-year-old boy. Hour after

hour Prague's residents were expecting the next list of executed.

Heydrich had once been an officer. Caught for thieving money, he was forced to leave the army. Thanks to this incident the Nazi Party acquired yet another member and ardent adherent of Hitler. In 1940 Heydrich's name became famous. In a short time he liquidated tens of thousands of Jews. Shortly after this Hitler sent his gifted disciple to Yugoslavia where Heydrich's visit yielded tens of thousands of Serbians, hanged and shot. He repeated the same gory handwork in Norway. In the fall of 1941 he received orders to deal with the Czechs. Heydrich untiringly signed death warrants from his Prague residence.

When he fancied that he had conclusively dealt with the proud and unsubmitive people, he was sent an assignment from Berlin to leave immediately for France, Belgium and Holland to drown the aspirations of these nations in blood.

The work of Heydrich the hangman has been taken over by his deputy, General Kurt Daluge. Czechoslovakia was engulfed in the murk of Nazi terror.

Almost simultaneously with the attempt on Heydrich's life an anonymous Norwegian patriot shot the Gestapo chief of Western Norway and his assistant with a pistol. Some hours later, the village where the Gestapo men had met their death

was burned to the ground by a punitive unit, all the men were arrested and their families deported in an unknown destination. Some days ago Lithuanian patriots killed two nazi officials. The invaders responded with the execution of four hundred hostages. In reply to the actions of Polish partisans the Hitlerites resort to their usual frenzied brutality. They shoot, they hang, they herd the best of the Polish people into concentration camps. We have received the news that Prof. Tadeusz Boy-Żeleński, the pride of Polish literature and scholarship, world-renown translator of the French classics and member of the Ukrainian Writers Union, died the death of a martyr in one of the nazi concentration camps. But neither his death, smarting as it is for all of us, nor the death of countless unknown heroes of subjugated Europe will save the nazi bigots from the day of reckoning, and parry the punishing hand which already today has tightly gripped their throats.

The nations of Europe have been roused from their sleep. Three bullets in the spine of the hangman Heydrich are only an advance payment. The day of full reckoning is drawing near.

It will be a trial unprecedented in history...

1943

CANNIBALS

In 1939, when the nazis had occupied Cracow, Hitler ordered a military guard of "honor" to be posted at the grave of Marshal Piłsudski in the Wawel Castle. Hitler's Press explained this theatrical gesture as a token of the Führer's gratitude to Piłsudski, whose policy was one of flirtation with fascist Germany. However, Hitler's motives of honoring the Marshal were of quite a different nature. Through this comedy, he wanted to lull the vigilance of other nations which Germany was to absorb later on.

As regards Poland and the Polish people, Hitler in September 1939 still nursed the illusion that he would manage to transform the Poles into meek slaves just as fast as he had destroyed the army of Smigly-Rydz *. But the heroic defense of Warsaw had disproved the illusion, and the Hitlerites found that they were in for a tough time with the Poles. So Hitler put his old plan into effect: to weaken the Poles' defiance through starvation and terror — weaken it to the extent when the Polish workers and peasants would

* Smigly-Rydz, Edward (1886—1942), General, commanded the Polish armed forces when nazi Germany overran Poland in 1939,— Tr.

forget in the long run who they were, and what stock they belonged to.

In time, Hitler's maniacal dreams were dispelled, for the second time. But by then, hundreds of thousands of Poles had died on the gallows and in concentration camps, hundreds of thousands of Poles with disgraceful brands on their arms were deported to Germany for slave labor; those who remained, however, did not only refuse to bow their heads before the nazi brigands, but beat them whenever they could and with whatever means they had at hand.

And then something happened which, after all, should have been expected from Adolf Hitler, author of the misanthropic *Mein Kampf*. One morning in June, the nazi henchmen in Poland received his order: to complete physical destruction of the Poles over the next eight years, that is by no later than 1950.

And the henchmen went to work. Hitler's deputy in Western Poland, Greiser, started the new stage in his career with such words: "As long as but one Polish woman or child lives on this land, we cannot consider it as ours. From now on, the right to this land will belong exclusively to people of German blood."

Hitler's maniacal order immediately invited comments from his Press. In its June issue, the magazine *Zeitschrift für Politik* even tried to provide a

theoretical substantiation of this act of Hitler's cannibalism. Here is what the magazine wrote:

"The extermination of another nation does not contradict the laws of life, providing this extermination is conclusive."

Now we understand the real situation. Mass murder and extermination of whole nations do not contradict the modern cannibals' laws, providing these nations are exterminated to the last woman, to the last child. Now, even the most naive people will know how to regard the mass executions of Poles, Czechs, Yugoslavs and Frenchmen, how to regard the nazi destruction of people living in villages and towns in the occupied regions of our country.

When the long-awaited hour arrives, that the German-fascist army is routed, the peoples whom Hitler had doomed to extermination will recall the fascist "laws of life" and will mete out to the authors of these laws and their executioners the punishment they have long deserved. Then the nazi-built gallows, the instruments of nazi oppression, will play their historical role. Dangling from them, the fascist savages will come to know another law — the law of merciless revenge.

1943

PYGMIES STRIPPED OF THEIR DISGUISE

Probably nowhere has fate played a more ironic trick on Hitler than in Nuremberg. The city whose ancient walls were to witness at least a thousand-year triumph of his "Great Germany," are witnessing today his greatest shame. Here the nazi gods are stripped of their last veil of innocence, here the words of countless incriminating documents ring out more clearly than the loudest speeches of the erstwhile founders and leaders of the Third Reich.

In Nuremberg the International Military Tribunal has started its sessions.

The trial has transformed the 80-percent destroyed city into a large military-economic base. From morning till night thousands of Studabackers, Fords and Willises tear through the streets at breakneck speed, terrifying the pedestrians. A good half of the cars bear the initials — I. M. T. (International Military Tribunal). You will also see them on cigarette cases, ashtrays and even at the local hotel spared by the bombings, where a German jazz band plays our *Katyusha* for the American, British and French employes of the Tribunal. Well, that's in the style of our American friends who, by the way, along with the first

shipment of incriminating documents also brought a plant for producing coca-cola to Nuremberg.

As regards the trial, it is the documents which, so to speak, complement the profiles of the defendants, that raise the most comment. This is quite understandable, since nothing can expose the repelling essence of fascism better than at least a general characteristics of some of its leaders.

Lately very much has been said and written here about such flashy nazi criminals as Rosenberg and Streicher. Indeed, these "theoreticians" of nazism have absolutely deserved the attention. True, they are referred to with a smile, but a rather caustic smile. It's difficult not to break into a satirical key when speaking about the nazi "thinkers."

Take Rosenberg, the author of *Myth of the 20th Century*, who was Reich Minister for Occupied Eastern Territories, an ideologue of German imperialism and highly placed in its executive. The representative of the American prosecution read aloud some of Rosenberg's notes. In one of them Rosenberg records a conversation with a bankrupt candidate for a Rumanian nazi leader, and adds proudly: "He identified in me his Führer." The hall burst into laughter. The sullen Funk joined in. He hid his baggy face in his hands and shook with uncontrollable laugh-

ter — the first time he laughed throughout the trial.

big Rosenberg's *Myth* became the main object of discussion. The pale, tired-out face of the prosecutor showed that he had pored over this book for more than one night — over this fruit of morbid fantasy of an half-baked philosopher — trying to fish out of the silt of its idiotic wording the essence which had transformed the German philistines into a herd of bloodthirsty beasts. There followed a succession of such words as "the German master race," then about "blood and land," and "that from now on blood will take the place of the Christian holy of holies." The eyes of all those present turned on the defendant. The Nazi Zoroaster did not display the slightest urge to defend his "myth." With head bent low, his eyes fixed on his knees, Rosenberg waited impatiently for the minute the prosecutor would at last stop quoting from the *Myth*, every word of which not only exposed its author as a common scoundrel, but also presented him as one of the principal perpetrators of a tragedy which had devoured millions of people and turned thriving countries into ruins. So when the Tribunal President, exhausted by Rosenberg's philosophizing, came to the defendant's aid with the words "Enough, we've already got that 'Myth' up to our necks," Rosenberg again straightened his back. The same man, who so recently had wanted to be the nob of

the universe, was now glad when they stopped talking about him. That's what pygmies look like, when stripped of their disguise.

Then came the turn of Julius Streicher, editor of *Der Stürmer*, erstwhile Gauleiter of Franconia and owner of Europe's largest collection of pornographic pictures. The prosecutor said that this man had preached hatred throughout the course of twenty-five years. At first he demanded persecution, then extermination. All the time he screamed out "More, more!" He made it possible to exterminate millions of people, for without him the Kaltenbrunners would have hardly found anyone willing to execute their orders. He poisoned the minds of German youth and educated a whole people in the spirit of murder and hatred.

This notion is not far-fetched. The affliction Streicher brought to mankind is truly extraordinary. And the thing that makes you really wonder is that it was done by a miserable caricature of a man, such a petty freak who beyond the frontiers of Germany would, at best, have become a permanent resident in an institution for degenerates.

When the representative of the prosecution called him a killer of millions of people, Streicher shrugged his shoulders in surprise — personally he had not killed a single Jew. Streicher was surprised, Streicher was indignant. His jaws fiercely chewed gum. The only thing he did was write and publish for a year, another year, ten years,

twenty years. With the obstinacy of a maniac he kept pounding away at one and the same subject — anti-Semitism.

Such activities of Streicher could not but attract the attention of Hitler who was completely right in calling Streicher one of his teachers. In 1935, on Julius Streicher's birthday, Hitler came to Nuremberg to personally wish his Franconian paladin long life and good health, and thank him for his "indefatigable work for the benefit of National-Socialist Germany."

Hour after hour passed. Streicher's prosecution continued. More and more passages from Streicher's "works" were quoted. The court presented his illustrated verses for "young and old," his "stories for young girls," and the speeches he made at girls' schools. And hearing all this evoked amazement even among those who felt that they could not be amazed by anything about nazism anymore. How low had Germany fallen?

It was only Streicher who was not amazed. Sitting snugly in the dock, he proudly scanned the courtroom, and when his dirty writings were read aloud, he conceitedly nodded his head in agreement and gleefully rubbed his hands. You see, he still had not got the message.

And he won't get it. Such heads as his cannot be improved. They can only be cut off. They can be and must be!

1946

GALLERY OF MISANTHROPEs

Old Nuremberg stood exactly 900 years. We say "stood" because today we cannot talk about the city without using the past tense. You enter this shrine of medieval artisanship by crossing one of the ten bridges spanning the 30-meter-wide moat to find yourself, all of a sudden, in the epoch of Friedrich Barbarossa.

The severe Gothic of St. Lorenz Church looms over the architecture of narrow picturesque streets which, interwoven in a whimsical tangle, unexpectedly burst out toward the south and across seven moss-covered bridges and run sharply uphill past the Town Hall and a replica of Paris' Notre Dame to converge near the gate of a burg as old as the world.

Today all these landmarks are no more than relative notions. Nuremberg's residents remember only too well the night when 2,000 American bombers hung over the heart of the city for forty minutes. The 700-year-old St. Lorenz Church now looks like a large stone sieve. Toppled from his pedestal by an air blast, the inventor of the watch, Peter Henlein, looks with a calm reverie at his chronometer the hands of which froze at twelve o'clock.

The culprits of this cataclysm, which swept hundreds of beautiful cities from the face of our continent, are now sitting before us in two long rows, reminiscent of wax figures in the shooting gallery at Berlin's Luna Park. However, this is only the first impression they produce. Upon closer examination you see before you degenerates, a monstrous gallery of characters from an album at an institute of criminology. Von Papen stares at you from under his sharp brows like a sleeking lynx, while Göring's face, which is more like that of an eunuch, peeps out from time to time from behind the back of his convoy like a phantom of Jack the Ripper from the Paris Theater of Horrors. The face of the morphine addict Funk resembles an ugly bag. When he chews gum — and Funk chews it all day long with the insatiability of an imbecile — it seems as if a tangle of intestinal worms wriggles in that yellow bag.

The law of the jungle holds sway in this assembly of criminal exhibits. When the Tribunal President announces that Ribbentrop complains of "atrophy of memory," Hess's face breaks into a smile. The rabid Hitlerite Fritzsche calls the other co-defendants a gang of bandits and demands that he be seated separately.

Don't expect them to repent. They are hardened criminals. When the American prosecutor described the nazi plans to exterminate millions of

Soviet people through hunger, Göring looked about the hall indifferently, while the slightly sleepy Ribbentrop was perhaps thinking of the 20,000 bottles of wine he had so thoughtlessly left behind in the cellars of the German Embassy in London.

That's how these hypocrites and mass murderers appeared before the court of justice. Involuntarily you might ask: how could people of such a caliber play any part whatsoever in history?

The most exhaustive answer to this question could be provided by defendant Schacht. It was not for nothing that Hitler called him the "most outstanding man of the Third Reich." In many ways Schacht was the man who brought on the advent of Hitler. But Schacht was not just one of the stars of Germany's financial world. He personified the economic and political system of German imperialism, while Hitler and his gang were its by-products.

That which has gone rotten to the marrow could only have been involved in one process — putrefaction.

Civilized mankind awaits the day when the bulky carcass of Göring and his scoundrelly ilk will hang in the Nuremberg stadium where only a couple of years before the throng of fascist savages had sworn to drown the world in blood.

Specters from the past still roam the streets

of Nuremberg. While Hitler's moustache has been replaced in the imagination of many former nazis by the side-whiskers of the Führer's spiritual father — Hindenburg, the sooner these side-whiskers fade from their memory, the better it will be. Time does not stand still, it moves relentlessly on even in Nuremberg, the birthplace of the watch.

1945

DESPAIR OF THE DOOMED

Today it is difficult to outline the defendants' tactics at the Nuremberg trial. It will become clearer when the court calls upon the accused to speak. Even now though it is obvious that tactics will differ with the individuals.

Tycoons of the Third Reich like Schacht, Neurath and Papen, especially the latter, are already doing everything possible to present themselves as people who found themselves in the dock together with Göring and Hess only by some erroneous twist of fate, because, ostensibly, they were only voluntary Trojan horses in Adolf Hitler's camp.

Göring, Ribbentrop, Keitel and Rosenberg will probably attempt to present themselves as victims of the Führer's despotism to which they dared not but submit...

Rudolf Hess is likely to play the part of the "ideologue" of this nasty company. This is reiterated, after all, by his recent statement. This old, experienced nazi murderer obviously expects that his four-year confinement in a British prison will lift a great part of his responsibility for the nazi murders, for Minsk and Lviv, for Majdanek and Oswiecim, giving him the right to appear

before the court of nations in the guise of a "stainless" idealist and peace-maker, who allegedly out of a great love for Western culture decided to transform himself into an Icarus and flee to England.

That the accused nazi ringleaders will adopt precisely such a defense is confirmed by their tactics in choosing witnesses who would speak in their favor. Schacht, for instance, is painstakingly seeking out witnesses to testify that in 1938 and 1941 he was involved in a plot ... against Hitler. Papen resorts to approximately the same trick.

Grand Admiral Raeder makes far more modest demands on his witnesses: all they have to do is to confirm his ... congenial nature. Hitler's Minister of Armaments and War Production Speer proved to be a peculiar optimist. He hopes to find people who will tell the court that he, Speer, was doing certain things in defiance of the Führer's will, for which the Führer once called him an apolitical person.

Fritz Sauckel, the torturer and hangman of millions of young Soviet men and women who were driven to Germany as slave labor, begs his wife to recall that he, Sauckel, recommended that foreign workers be treated in a friendly manner. The main "theoretician" of the nazi brand of anti-Semitism, Julius Streicher, looks in vain for witnesses who would corroborate his "zionistic point of view" on the Jewish question. No wonder

Streicher's maneuvers make the legal circles fear that this filthy editor of the filthy *Der Stürmer* is trying to fake lunacy.

Joachim von Ribbentrop, one of the most untiring warmongers, calls witnesses from among his former colleagues. Theirs is an unusually difficult task: to prove that Ribbentrop opposed Hitler's preparations for war. For this purpose he invited our old acquaintance — Lady Astor. However, in this case Ribbentrop was out of luck: he forgot that what had been seemly in 1939 had become unseemly in 1945. Enraged by such an inopportune familiarity, Lady Astor flatly refused to go to Nuremberg and told reporters from British newspapers that von Ribbentrop won't gain from her evidence.

Admiral Doenitz also forgot that the times had changed. He attempted to prove that the measures he employed (the cruel sinking of all Allied shipping without exception) were imperative to the "tactical interests of submarine warfare," and invited Lieutenant Commander Jack of the German Fleet as a witness. He did not know, however, that a couple of weeks before Lieutenant Commander Jack had been sentenced to be shot by a British military court for his merciless destruction of unarmed Greek sailors trying to save their lives when their transport ship was sunk by Jack.

Hans Frank, erstwhile Governor-General of Poland and Galicia, did not fare any better in

his choice of witnesses. He wanted to subpoena the Polish economist Mlynarski, notorious for his collaboration with the Hitlerites who made him director of a bank of issue they founded in occupied Poland. Some months previous the vile personality of Mlynarski again came to light: despite protests from the Polish public, a group of reactionary professors elected this collaborationist... to the regional Academy. As much as Mlynarski would like to do his former master a good turn it is doubtful today that he will have the courage to state publicly that the old-time executioner of the Polish people was supposedly trying to alleviate the fate of the Poles.

The defendants still nourish hopes. With the despair of the doomed they clutch at a straw. Those who were not only light-hearted but were actually delighted about sending tens of millions of people to die in torment, are now trembling at the thought of their own death. Overwhelmed by the horrible burden of the indictment, they resort to the most intricate judicial tricks, cynically referring to the law at every opportunity — to the law which they had so scorned and trampled on as nobody else had done before.

An abominable spectacle indeed!

1945

WE ARE DOING THE ACCUSING!

It's a long time, a very long time since the press box has been as crowded as today, when the representative of the Soviet prosecution, General Rudenko, took the floor. The trial attracted such a large number of press correspondents only during its first days.

The members of the Tribunal took their places, Lord Justice Lawrence opened the court session. General Rudenko stood behind the lectern. For the first time in its history, the Nuremberg *Justizpalast** resounded with the Russian language, which is so dear, and so fine and vivid to all us Slavs. It is not only the melodics that make it sound different from the other languages spoken here. In it one can not only hear the emotive wrath of the great Soviet people, but also, as all those present at the trial had expected, firm logic, consistency and clear political purpose.

The interest aroused by Rudenko's speech was great. The representatives of the countless newspapers and agencies attending the trial could not help but be impressed by the first appear-

* *Justizpalast* — Palace of Justice (Ger.) — Tr.

ance of Rudenko and Pokrovsky. It is doubtful, though, whether all of the correspondents will write what they say. The Herst press and the newspapers of the Daily Mail type have their own laws and "morals"...

The representatives of the Slavic nations are truly appreciative. They have found in the Soviet people not only a champion of their right to liberation and life, but also an outspoken witness to the horrible and irreparable injustices they had suffered. Warsaw, Lidice and Novi Sad — these three names will not be heard again, for they are synonymous with disaster for these nations. Today the Soviet prosecutor speaks on behalf of these peoples, he speaks of their glory and their suffering, of their sacred right to a just and severe trial of the perpetrators of the great tragedy. He puts all this across not in the stiff language of a professional lawyer, but in words reflecting both the anguish of mankind and the sincere sorrow of a plundered and blood-stained Soviet Ukraine and the hatred of all Soviet people who suffered most and who, suffering as they did, were the most staunch in the struggle. That explains the tears in the eyes of our Slavic brothers on this historic day.

As might have been expected, it was a black day for the accused nazis. The very appearance of the representative of the Soviet prosecution at

the hated lectern threw the erstwhile stars of the Third Reich into a panic. But the temperature in the dock reached boiling point only when the courtroom resounded with the ardent words of the prosecutor. Accustomed to the somewhat monotonous and dull style of previous prosecutors, the defendants became agitated; now they turned red, now pale, or curved their lips in what was meant to resemble a sarcastic smile. Göring and Hess demonstratively took off their earphones, Frank pretended to be reading a book, while Rosenberg did not put on the earphones at all — he knew Russian well enough...

When General Rudenko started reading the twentieth page of the indictment, Hess turned yellow like a lemon and hung his head so low it seemed that at any moment it would disappear from sight. He had to be led out of the courtroom. It was not for long that Göring managed to hold his line of conduct: all of a sudden he grabbed his earphones...

Keitel, always outwardly so composed, also lost his self-confidence. That was the first time this happened to him at the trial. It was Ribbentrop who provoked him. Upon hearing that a part of the archives from the German Foreign Ministry had been seized by the Red Army, Ribbentrop became ashen in the face. He abruptly turned to Keitel and asked indignantly: "What! You allowed

that to happen?" You should have seen the former Field Marshal at that moment. He turned pale, started to tremble and waved his hands: "Leave me, leave me alone, go to the devil!"

Keitel's nervousness is not that hard to understand.

And this was only the first day of the trial....

1946

CAREERS CHRONICLED ON FILM

Goebbels and his assistants had worked hard to provide the International Military Tribunal with sufficient evidence against nazism and the nazis. One such self-accusatory document was shown us for four hours today. It was a montage of clips from Hitler's newsreels reflecting the birth, rise and fall of German fascism. The makers of the film — among them one of Hitler's mistresses, Leni Riefenstahl — could not have supposed, of course, that their creative progeny would subsequently testify against its fathers; just as Rosenberg did not suspect that the *Völkischer Beobachter* he edited would be the main witness of the prosecution at the Nuremberg trial.

The Munich putsch — Hitler's first steps. Panic-stricken people run through the streets and, killed or wounded by fascist bullets, fall on the sidewalks. These are the first of the millions of people victimized by the most sanguinary reactionary regime in mankind's history.

After a vaudeville confinement in prison, the vociferous Adolf Hitler, with a moustache like a Scotch terrier, is at large again. Krupp von Bohlen does not and will not let him down: and again we see Hitler at the lectern, again we hear

his hysterical barking. The figures of his paladins pass before our eyes with ever growing frequency, a far cry from the little Munich gang.

The dreams of the fascist adventurers cease to be mere dreams. Hitler enters the Palace of President Hindenburg with the document confirming his chancellorship. Göring makes himself comfortable in the seat of Reichstag Chairman. The Munich gang of bandits has gained power in Germany.

Cars with storm troopers frantically drive through the streets of Berlin. The howls of unrestrained pillagers resound from morning till night. In downtown Berlin, bonfires piled with books symbolize the remainder of Germany's intellect and conscience.

Long columns of nazi cutthroats parade on the screen: in every scene of the film the swastika jars on the eye: endless marches and rallies of fascist bandits held under various pretexts, in thousands of versions. Nuremberg becomes the main stage for these theatrical pageants; its walls, covered with medieval moss, seem to the Hitlerites the best incubator for the "new order" in Europe. In the large stadium Hitler yearly reviews parades of his horde. Gradually the storm troopers and shovel-bearers of the Todt Organization turn into Prussian grenadiers, and generals take the place of honor on the Führer's stand. Hitler's oratorical paroxysms look more and more

like a savage war dance. Now there is no doubt that this maniac is preparing for war.

His game takes on a sharp twist, when he throws his cards on the table. German troops march into the Rhineland. Their goosestep is admired by the Hitlerized residents of Düsseldorf. In the following scenes moustached corporals break down the barrier on the Austrian border. Hitler's planes drone over the Vienna Town Hall.

Munich. Hitler crosses the map of Czechoslovakia with a resolute gesture, while Göring joyously rubs his hands. March 1938. Trembling from fear, the pitiful Hacha * walks past Hitler's guard of honor. A couple of hours later. German tanks rumble in the streets of a Prague benumbed with despair. Kleipeda (Memel) comes next. Yet another border barrier cracks in the hands of the uniformed pork butchers.

Poland is on the order of the day. Now it's the turn of the German guns to speak. Göring's squadrons of bombers reap a rich harvest of death and ruin.

Adolf Hitler reviews a parade of German "volunteers" back from Spain; this is brilliant evidence of Hitler's "neutrality" in the Spanish question. The founders of Franco's Spain will soon come in handy.

* Hacha, Emil — President of Czechoslovakia, betrayed his people and made over the state to Hitler in 1939.— Tr.

Spring 1940. Hitler's troops unexpectedly overrun Norway and Denmark. Two months later, peaceful Rotterdam goes up in flames under a shower of Hitler's bombs. Surrender of Pétain in Compiègne Forest. Hitler breaks into a jig from joy.

Further expansion of the program for the "conquest of the world." German troops invade Yugoslavia and Greece. In the intervals between victories Berlin roars itself hoarse with the words: "Sieg Heil!"

At long last the final phase of the sanguinary game. The "Herrenvolk" * march toward the East. Goebbels goes up to the microphone of Radio Berlin. Within a minute his clamorous voice rouses the Germans from their beds. "The Führer has again placed the destiny of Germany in the hands of the German soldier," shrieks Goebbels. At that moment the German soldier was already setting fire to the first Soviet villages, and Göring's airborne pirates were returning to their bases after the first bombing missions over our cities.

New scenes. Himmler in the mutilated, ruined capital of Soviet Byelorussia. Complacently, with a sadistic smile, he walks along barbed wires, behind which Soviet prisoners of war are dying of hunger and thirst.

* Herrenvolk — Master race (Ger.) — Tr.

The last hour of Hitler's Germany advances with a rapid pace. The shouts "Sieg Heil!" have died down. The noisy nazi rallies in Nuremberg have been forgotten. Hitler is still making joyous faces in front of the camera, but the reasons to be in a good mood become fewer all the time. The days when he greeted his Italian associate Benito Mussolini with music and parades have passed. Now we see a completely different scene of the two comrades-in-plunder's reunion: at Berlin airport Mussolini, freed from prison by SS men, modestly, like a basted dog, cringes before his liberator — a liberator who did not even accord the Duce with a guard of honor.

Together with all those present in the courtroom, the band of gangsters sitting in the dock before the tribunal of nations watch the film which so comprehensively illustrates their colorful "careers." It is doubtful, however, whether this will change the defendants' mood for the better. For which of them can believe today that he will have the physical opportunity of seeing the end of his career on the screen? Probably no one.

1945

AT THE BOTTOM

The International Military Tribunal proceeded to discuss matters concerning Hitler's treacherous attack on the Soviet Union. Hitler elaborately prepared the attack long before the outbreak of hostilities on the Eastern front.

"Our objective is to destroy the Soviet Army and ruin the Soviet industry with the help of the air force. For this operation 130—140 divisions will be enough," said Hitler at a conference of generals six and a half months before his troops overran the Soviet Union.

Reality showed that even 257 divisions did not help Hitler gain his objective. The finale of this sanguinary adventure took place in the courtroom — before the Tribunal of United Nations.

The history of mankind has not known such an abominable mishmash of treachery and stupidity, sentimentality and bloodthirstiness, megalomania and cowardice, hypocrisy and cynicism, arrogance and unbelievable ignorance, affectation and villainy as were combined in Hitler.

He is not only a caricature as a state leader, but at the same time a caricature in the whole complex of notions evoked by the word "Man."

The generals listening to Hitler's speeches ac-

cepted the gibberish of this maniac at face value as did the grocers wearing the brown uniforms of storm troopers. Not in the least were they affected by that wearisome and frantic "I!" Nor were they embarrassed by frenzied exclamations of the type "Providence has urged me!" "My existence is a factor of tremendous importance!" "No one knows how long I shall live. Therefore a showdown, which it would not be safe to put off for four or five years, had better take place now." On August 22, 1939, at a conference specially convened for them, they nodded approvingly as they listened to their idol shriek: "Our strength lies in our speed and mercilessness! I am not worried whatsoever what the feeble European civilization thinks of me. I have issued the order, and I will execute anyone who says a word of criticism to the effect that the aim of this war is not to gain new frontiers, but the physical extermination of the enemy. What I shall do with Poland goes for Russia too... I am not afraid of the small countries... We should regard them, at best, as lacquered semi-apes who must feel the whip raised over their heads."

This "philosophy" of Hitler was in full accord with his generals and his entire multitudinous tribe of philistines. These "truths" of Hitler's were disseminated throughout Germany with the speed of an epidemic, generating into such curious "principles" as those of Robert Wagner, the hang-

man of Baden: "The enemy is always wrong, for if he were right he would be thinking as we do, and since he does not think as we do he can never be right."

All this the philistine took blindly as if it were a Bayer aspirin tablet. But when the catastrophe came and the philistine received a blow in a way he had never and nowhere experienced before, only utterly naive people could have anticipated that the philistine's mentality would undergo a drastic change and his odious personality would immediately take on the likeness of a human being.

Only a year ago the philistine shouted "Heill" in his sleep. Today, seemingly, he sits as quiet as a mouse under a broom.

Strange as it is, quite a few of them act like martyrs... They lament about their fate whenever and however they can. They seem not to have realized what horrible grief and misery nazi Germany brought to other peoples. Yet at every opportunity they are prepared to declaim with a fervor borrowed from Goebbels that the Germans lost their homeland, putting the blame for this woe not upon Hitler and his gang, but upon the peoples whom only yesterday the German philistines had designated as fuel for the crematoriums of Oswiecim and Dachau.

Their disregard for political issues only undermines the attempts of Germany's progressive ele-

ments to make Germany similar to civilized, democratic nations. From the shallow depth of their pettiness they hate democracy, they discredit it as much as they can, and, flinging dirt at every one of their compatriots who dares speak the language of a human being and citizen, they see only one prospect which they call — although not as loudly as previously — revenge.

For a long time a film has been on circuit in Germany, which shows the wonderful life of Ehrlich, one of the founders of modern medicine, whose only "fault" was his being a Jew.

Small and modest, Ehrlich has long ago departed this world, but grateful humanity will never cease revering this hero of science. It is only now that the young generation of Germans are getting to know him for the first time; yet they know the biography not only of Hitler but probably of all the defendants at the Nuremberg trial by heart. Today they have the opportunity to compare.

1945

SPIDERS IN A JAR

Goebbels called the New Year of 1945 "the holiday for mighty hearts." Four months after these words appeared on the pages of the *Völkischer Beobachter*, Goebbels betrayed himself: instead of doing what he had urged the Germans to do, that is to fight for their *Vaterland* to the last breath, he preferred to make an early exit from life.

Göring did not follow the footsteps of Goebbels, although he, too, could boast of a "mighty heart" when he passed death sentences on whole nations, or when he had the opportunity of personally pumping bullets into the guts of his acquaintances, as was the case, for instance, on the June night of 1934.* The other Nazi stars — the present defendants at the Nuremberg trial — did not follow Goebbels's example either. Every one of these manufacturers of mass death had hundreds of expedients to take his life. However, they did not resort to any of them.

Strange isn't it? Not at all. For however strange

it may seem they do not relinquish hopes to hoodwink the world even now.

So far they have not had a chance of speaking before the court, but what are the defense counsels for in this case? It is through them that the defendants launched their first attack. It was started by Göring in his famous "interview," a large part of which consisted of laudatory hymns to the Tribunal. The precedent was exploited by the other defendants. Their defense counsels became cupids who had to win over the hearts of the judges with arrows of compliments.

The rabid enemies of democracy suddenly turned into its champions. Ribbentrop broke into a lyrical tone when speaking about international law, while the pillager of pillagers Streicher requested through his defense counsel Thoma, that the trial "fairly consider his case in accord with the principles of democracy..."

At the same time an offensive on public opinion was launched in the press. Editorial offices of German and foreign newspapers were swamped all of a sudden with "considerations" of the attorneys at the Nuremberg trial, which were framed and edited by the defendants themselves, as was evidenced, for one, by the corrections and deletions in the summary of Rosenberg which he made with his own hand.

Let us start with Alfred Rosenberg. This Reich Minister for Occupied Eastern Territories, coau-

* Allusion to the events of June 30, 1934, when Hitler and his henchmen summarily dealt with the opposition in the Nazi Party.— Tr.

thor of the plans to exterminate at least half of our country's population, a specialist in pillaging art treasures from all over Europe, and the theoretician and executive of his sanguinary Myth of the 20th Century, posed as an innocent lamb who only by chance had fallen among a pack of wolves. Was it not unjust that this little lamb should now be made to suffer?

This is just what his defense counsel Thoma wrote in his appeal:

"My client regards it as his great personal grief that every attempt of his proposals of evidence is being declined. Time and again I have to remind him that he will not find such an objective trial as this one anywhere else."

But it was precisely because the trial was objective that Rosenberg was afraid, and that is why the words of the defense counsel hardly set him at ease. He sought his own routes of salvation, and, according to habit, found it in lying. He didn't, he claimed, know anything, he didn't see anything; the only thing he did was write books on abstract subjects.

He treated the Soviet people like a father would and wanted only one thing — that they would strive on their own behalf to effect an "Anschluss" with Germany. Incidentally, the word "Anschluss" seemed too risky for Rosenberg, so he crossed it out, replacing it by what he thought a more innocent term — to "join" Germany.

After this the ideologue of nazism employed the following maneuver popular with the Nuremberg defendants: he started spitting on his idol of yesterday. He stated that Hitler deceived his associates, he deceived them like a common cheat. Of this he became ostensibly convinced only after the documents were presented to the trial: earlier he only suspected Hitler of being a scoundrel. And who knows whether Rosenberg would have become a Rosenberg at all were it not for the year 1923 when the Führer captured his heart with a princely gift — a magic writing desk which could be raised and lowered according to its owner's will...

Ribbentrop also wanted to convince us that he wasn't Ribbentrop at all, but an incarnation of every possible virtue. According to this downy old bird, it wasn't he who treacherously broke agreements, but those states which Hitler Germany attacked. And besides, what he did was forced on him by Hitler. True, he blindly obeyed these orders, but only because he had taken an oath of allegiance to his Führer. This oath was too heavy a burden for Ribbentrop to bear, so he asked Hitler a number of times to relieve him of his ministerial post. In vain. Once when Hitler almost broke into tears from pity, Ribbentrop had to give him his word of honor that he would continue bearing the cross of nazi minister. The fact that this "cross" had gained him several

tens of millions of Marks the modest Ribbentrop preferred to keep quiet about...

Then we found out that the nazi Ribbentrop had never been a nazi, he supposedly never "played any role" in the Nazi Party. As regards the nazi atrocities, Ribbentrop had no idea about them. Why? Because the atrocities were "beyond the bounds" of his ministry. Poor Ribbentrop, he did not even know what was common knowledge to every child in Germany and outside Germany—the existence of Hitler's concentration camps. He could have picked up this information from foreign radio broadcasts. But the sly Hitler permitted only Göring and Goebbels to listen to radio broadcasts from abroad. And if Ribbentrop would have dared to do the same, Hitler would immediately have sent him to a concentration camp or bring him on trial to be shot...

So it came out that Ribbentrop did not know about the existence of the nazi extermination camps, because he did not listen to foreign broadcasts, and he didn't do so, because he was afraid to land in an extermination camp, the very existence of which he did not know!

"Arguments" of approximately the same kind are presented by Ribbentrop's colleague Sauckel, Commissioner General of Manpower. He tried to justify himself by telling that it was unemployment and poverty that had forced him to join the Nazi Party. A petty, scabby man who had built a

ghastly mill, the grinders of which mercilessly destroyed the health and life of millions of slaves throughout several years, he had now become timid and taciturn and through his attorney attempted to present himself as a weak-willed, unambitious man, a semi-cretin who wielded no influence on the course of events whatsoever, who only accidentally had learned about his assignment.

"Sauckel is a mediocre person," attorney Servatius wrote in an apologetic key. "This is a man of a lower caliber. He cannot organize and lead independently," sighed the attorney sympathetically, and, following the example of his client, shoved all the blame on Himmler.

To complete the description of the injury he suffered, Sauckel complained that he, a father of ten children, pocketed "only" 300,000 Marks during all the time of his service for the glory of the Führer. Out of this sum Sauckel received 250,000 Marks on the 50th anniversary of Hitler's birth. What for? The "low-caliber" man preferred to keep mum on this subject.

Another "victim of chance," Hans Frank, also did not exert any "influence on the course of events." Everything that had happened was supposedly the doing not of Frank, but of Himmler, Göring, and, strange as it may seem, of the "low-caliber" man Sauckel. It was also chance that made him join the Nazi Party, become a Bavarian

minister, and it was chance that made him eventually Governor General of Poland and Galicia. This murderer of six million Poles and Ukrainians and 3.5 million Jews donned before our eyes the toga of a (I quote verbatim) "champion of law and order..."

This "champion" was also supposedly to have wielded no power at all. According to his words, everything bad had been done by the abovementioned nazis in league with the SS Obergruppenführers. The only thing Frank did was ask Hitler to relieve him of his post. But the cruel Hitler did not even think of meeting his request, for this, as Frank bragged, "would have produced undesirable repercussions abroad." Hence the consequences: the minister who was loved so much abroad found himself behind prison bars today...

The erstwhile nazi marshals and admirals adopted different defense tactics. In every way possible they tried to prove that they had not been involved in — of all things! — politics. Jodl forgot all of a sudden his Munich panegyrics to the national-socialist gods and semi-gods and modestly presented himself as an "apolitical soldier" in gray uniform. Said Jodl: "I had the choice of either breaking the oath and be court-martialled, or to hatch a plot. In both cases I would have acted as a politician, that is I would have done that which the court is trying to accuse me of today."

As you see, that's a typical logic of a criminal who already feels the noose around his neck. After an intermission, the International Military Tribunal resumed its work.

For a couple of days the representatives of the American prosecution will have the word. They will probably read a new document, the so-called "political testament" of Hitler, which was recently found in the occupation zone of the 3rd American Army. Then the French prosecutors will take the floor, followed by the representatives of the Soviet Union.

1946

INTO THE LIGHT

The first stage of the Nuremberg trial ended when the last of the documents had been read by the representatives of the prosecution. The guilt these documents carry is irrefutable. The accused are weighed down under this burden of guilt, and if at times their worn-out faces suddenly reveal a cynical smile, it is only the result of a mental state which the Germans call *Galgenhumor*.*

The defense attorneys, too, have no reason to be happy. At long last they have been given the chance to speak, but all their efforts are in vain. No matter what they do, what tricks they resort to, what examples of rhetoric they produce, the truth, so destructive to the accused nazis, will not cease remaining a truth which in the end will be phrased into a severe indictment.

But so far it has brought up more and more new facts. This will last until the last document from the secret nazi archives is brought to light and till death shuts the mouth of the last nazi criminal.

* *Galgenhumor* — lit, gallows humor — grim humor (Ger.) — Tr.

It is well known what a treat the Reichstag fire had been for the nazi clique thirteen years ago. As Hitler's first provocation, it was to precede a "thousand-year era" of worldwide fascist overlordship. That night, so memorable to the nations of Europe, marked the beginning of the most horrible period in their life. The sanguinary conflagration over Berlin was only a herald of the conflagration which eventually engulfed several continents, and the outcry of the first victims of nazi terror proclaimed to the world the advent of the short-lived "epoch" of Majdaneks and Oswiecims.

The mystery of the Reichstag fire was no mystery at all. The true incendiaries were known right from the start, but there was no evidence. Recently such evidence has been found in one of the Gestapo archives.

It was a letter by SA Gruppenführer Karl Ernst addressed to his friend Heines. Both were adherents of Roehm, and this in itself explains the cause for the letter. Ernst knew that Göring and Goebbels prepared to make short work of their former associates. He was aware that the forces were unequal. Ernst did not doubt that he would be the first victim of the ruling clique which would eagerly avail itself of any pretext to liquidate dangerous witnesses.

That is why Ernst quickly wrote a letter to Heines, asking him to send it abroad. Ernst hoped

that in case of arrest he could blackmail his torturers with the letter and in this way save his life.

But the day of reprisals came much faster than the SA Gruppenführer had expected. The document fell into the hands of the Gestapo. Ernst and Heines were murdered, and only twelve years later the American police found the letter in one of the Gestapo safes.

The document deserves detailed mention. Here is what it says:

"I, the undersigned Karl Ernst, SA Gruppenführer of Berlin-Brandenburg, Prussian State Councilor, born September 1, 1904, in Berlin-Brandenburg, hereby describe the Reichstag fire in which I was involved. I am doing so on the advice of my friends, for there are reasons to suppose that Göring and Goebbels will brutally do away with me. In case of my arrest Göring and Goebbels must be warned that this document is being preserved abroad. I state that on February 26, 1933, I, together with the mentioned Unterführers, set fire to the German Reichstag. We did so being convinced that we would thus serve the Führer and the movement. We did so to enable the Führer crush Marxism. I do not repent this. According to the plan we developed, Heines Heldorf and I were to start the fire on February 25 — eight days before the elections. Göring told us that he would supply us with an unusually effec-

tive incendiary material which, in addition, would take up little space.

"During one of our regular conferences, which took place at the home of Goebbels and from which Heldorf was absent, because at that time he was speaking at a pre-election meeting, Göring proposed we use the underground corridor leading from his house to the Reichstag. It would be the simplest way and involve minimal risk. I was instructed to choose suitable men. Goebbels advised to start the fire not on February 25, but on the 27, because February 26 was Sunday, when only the morning papers appeared, and this would not provide the opportunity to fully use the propaganda effect of the fire. It was decided to start the fire about nine o'clock in the evening when the radio could still be used. Then Göring and Goebbels agreed on various measures of casting the suspicion on the communists.

"Heldorf and I went through the underground corridor three times to get our bearings in detail. Göring gave us a plan of the offices and explained when and in which corridors the control guards made their rounds. Once during a visit of the underground corridor we were almost caught. The guard, probably having heard our footsteps, changed his usual route. We hid in a dead-end siding.

"Two days before the fire we hid the incendiary material Göring gave us in that siding. It was

a small tin container with self-igniting phosphorus and several liters of gasoline. At the time of the fire Göring was to be not at home but at the Ministry of the Interior."

Further on the provocateur Ernst reveals the auxiliary role which Van der Lübbe played in the fire:

"Some days before the fixed showdown, Helldorf told me that a fellow had appeared in Berlin who probably could be talked into taking part in the fire. We agreed that Van der Lübbe would get into the restaurant at the Reichstag through a window, because this was the easiest way. Should he be caught we would be out of any danger whatsoever even if we were some minutes late. Van der Lübbe had to believe to the last moment that he had come alone."

Then Ernst circumstantially describes his "feat."

The nazi provocateur savors the details of his crime. And it must be said that it was a job of a skilled incendiary. The coaching of the "fat Hermann" was not in vain...

"I began from the Kaiser Wilhelm Hall. We started a considerable number of fires between the Kaiser Wilhelm Hall and the hall of plenary sessions by smearing the chairs and table with the phosphorus. At the same time we poured the gasoline over the curtains and carpets. By the time we got back to the hall of plenary sessions it was not yet nine o'clock.

"Exactly at 9:05 everything was ready. We withdrew. At 9:12 we were in the machine hall. At 9:15 we climbed over the wall."

Karl Ernst finished his job, Van der Lübbe did the rest, and one hour later Hitler had the opportunity of declaring the "crusade" against the communists.

As you see, Karl Ernst and Van der Lübbe had done a great service to the Third Reich. But that was precisely the reason why both provocateurs had to depart this world. Van der Lübbe was silenced by the executioner's ax, while Ernst was neutralized on June 30, 1934, by a gang of Göring's henchmen. Adolf Hitler's gratitude was known to follow a crooked and sanguinary path.

Since we have let the documents speak for themselves, let us now hear what the erstwhile director of the former German-Soviet Society for Air Communication, Georg Sommer, has to say.

On July 27, 1934, that is, exactly a year after the Reichstag fire, Sommer was summoned by telephone to the head office of the Gestapo. There, legal advisor Schultz entrusted him with a secret assignment: to prepare an airplane for the three Bulgarian communists accused of setting the Reichstag on fire, who were acquitted by the court after the fiasco of the prosecution. Schultz informed Sommer about the route of the airplane: Moscow, change at Königsberg.

The following day the prisoners were brought to Tempelhof airport. When the airplane had been refueled, Georg Sommer tells us today, he was approached by a police agent he had never seen before, who showed him his identity card and stated in the tone of an order that these three accused could not have been convicted because of insufficient evidence, yet, to be on the safe side, all of them must be liquidated in the following way: the airplane would crash on Soviet territory. A brown parcel which the agent had with him and which allegedly contained the personal belongings of the three prisoners would be placed in the cabin and cause the catastrophe... The agent tried to set his mind at rest, stating that he should view this assignment as by orders from the "highest authorities."

But the agent failed to set Sommer's mind at rest, who was frightened by such an unusual assignment. Fearing to be put in Van der Lübbe's shoes, he chose a less risky option.

The airplane took off about eight o'clock in the morning, as Sommer recalls. When they changed at Königsberg, Sommer managed to notify the local director to remove the parcel from the plane.

It's easy to imagine Göring's mood when he heard Dimitrov's voice over Radio Moscow. Göring was helpless in this case: to punish the scar-

ed Sommer would have only resulted in an unnecessary uproar. In the end he was not sure where to look for the culprits — in Berlin or in Königsberg.

Today Göring and his ilk have been neutralized. He will no longer kill or burn. The Tribunal has only to add the final touches to his fate.

And this will certainly be done.

1946

GÖRING

Even today Hermann Göring weighs 110 kilograms. At first sight he does not look like Göring at all, but rather like a fifty-year-old huckster.

And this huckster with cropped hair sits before you, his feet wrapped in a blanket and behaves as if he were really a petty bargainer. During intermissions he attentively listens to whatever is going on on his right and left, his fat-embedded eyes rove over the courtroom, gogling with interest at every new person. When the defense attorney takes a newspaper in his hands, the huckster cranes his neck and his eyes run down the page in search of his name. When he finds it, his thin lips stretch out from ear to ear in a grin of gratified ambition.

Göring does not abandon this unaffected line of conduct even during court sessions. He reacts alertly to everything going on around him: his head bobs up and down, or moves from left to right. He smiles — adulatingly, when facing the Tribunal, or with provocative sarcasm, when facing the prosecutor.

With regard to the witnesses for the prosecution Göring's ill will is particularly explicit. At first he looks at such a witness as a trampled

snake trying to hypnotize its victim, and when this does not produce the desired effect, the hawker starts mumbling oaths and clenches his fists, placing them in front of him like two hand-grenades.

Especially annoying to the huckster Göring are the witnesses for the prosecution from among his former subordinates. In this case his hag-like disposition knows no bounds. When the hangman of Ukraine and Poland, SS General Bach-Zelewski, said a couple of true words about Göring, the latter could not restrain himself and shot at the general: "You lousy dog, you!"

... In the long run the huckster crept out of his blanket and transported his bulky frame to the witness stand.

His very first words confirmed the generally accepted opinion of him: he was ambitious to the extreme, to the point of madness.

All the time you hear "my air force," "my industry," "my policy," "Only I could take upon myself such a risk as Hitler's wrath...," "Only I, as an ardent patriot..."

When the witness for the defense, Milch, tried to save Göring by saying he was absent from one of the situation conferences, Göring exclaimed with indignation:

"It is simply impossible that the Führer should have invited gentlemen like him and not me..."

Intoxicated with egotism, Göring at times kicks

against the pricks. Here is what he said at one of the sessions, words which have been diligently stenographed and recorded on tape just as everything else spoken at the trial:

"I ordered work on the planes which could reach the USA and return to their home bases... I also ordered work on the improvement of the V-1 rockets against England and regret very much that I had so few of these V-1 rockets..."

Göring also displayed a certain sense of humor: "By example of the USA the Führer and I decided to combine the power of the Premier with that of the President..."

Queried by the prosecutor whether he still considered himself an adherent of the "master race" theory, Göring answered with a smile:

"No, I have never personally thought much of it, for in none of my speeches, in none of my writings will you find this word. My standpoint is: if you are a master, you don't have to emphasize it."

In his testimony Göring tells rather willingly about Hitler's black deeds. When it comes to the most hideous of crimes, as a rule he puts the blame on Hitler (or Himmler). In doing so, Göring discredits his Führer subtly, in his own manner, as if by the way, as if unintentionally, just for the sake of truth.

Discreetly as he does it, Göring presents quite a veritable picture of Adolf Hitler: a bloodthirsty

comedian and paranoid, an ordinary faker. Vindictively grinding his teeth, he relates how the "Führer of Grossdeutschland" plundered the paintings Göring himself had plundered. Almost with a smack of joy he tells us stories which pluck away one by one the laurel leaves Goebbels and his ilk had so diligently woven into Hitler's crown.

In 1943, when the nazis were routed in the Caucasus, Hitler reproached Jodl for having ordered the troops to move across the Elbrus. Jodl flared up:

"Mein Führer, but you yourself ordered me to do so..."

Upon hearing this, Hitler turned round and left the room without saying goodbye to his Field Marshal. He even intended to dismiss Jodl and replace him with von Paulus who was then encircled at Stalingrad. "Von Paulus," Göring added with relish, "who enjoyed Hitler's particular confidence."

Speaking about the Ukrainian (and not only Ukrainian) nationalistic servants of nazism, he droops his lips in mock disgust:

"I despise them utterly, but at times of war you take what is at hand."

Indeed, Göring took everything what was at hand. Apart from the Quislings, big and small, he had acquired quite some congeries. Within a couple of years he had managed to "hoard"

works of art valued at a total of 50 million Marks in gold. He plundered them from all over Europe, not even forgetting Albrecht Dürer's sketches from the museums in Lviv.

Hermann Göring started his testimony with a short, extraordinarily short autobiography. Not without a mark of pride he informed the court that his father had been governor of the German colonies in South-West Africa. Unfortunately, he did not add that his highly placed daddy used this occasion to deal summarily with thousands of the Hereros tribesmen for their passive opposition to the colonialists. His methods of murder were probably a source of inspiration for the young Hermann in his future dealings. Göring Sr. uprooted the whole tribe together with their infants from their homes and banished them into the desert where they died of hunger and thirst within a couple of weeks.

One of the witnesses told about the concentration camp in Mauthausen. Göring listened attentively, but, as was always the case, his face was fixed in a contemplatively watchful expression. And you got the impression that it wasn't Hermann Göring, the inventor and organizer of the Mauthausens, sitting before you, but some impartial expert who had been invited to court for a couple of days.

The witness told about the commandant of the Mauthausen concentration camp, who once no-

ticed the exceptionally beautiful teeth of two young Jews brought there from Holland. The stomach and one kidney was cut out from each of the ill-fated inmates, then benzine was injected into their hearts, their heads chopped off, and after appropriate preparations the skulls were placed on the writing desk in the camp commandant's office.

Göring listened without batting an eyelid. He already had a "counter-argument" in store: the story about the Ballins, a Jewish family from Munich. The defense attorney Stahmer was later to dig up the story and put it into the mouth of witness General Bodenschatz: Göring apparently had saved this family from his own claws and sent them abroad in time.

Why just the Ballins and nobody else? For the Ballins saved Göring's life during the Munich putsch. This fatal mistake earned them the reward twenty years later: of the millions of Jewish families they were the only ones whom Göring graciously permitted to live. He permitted them to live, so that today they would save him the second time—in this case from dangling from the gallows. That's what the Aryan style of double-entry book-keeping really looks like, when developed by an exemplary Aryan.

During the inquest, Göring's witness, State Secretary Paul Kerner, one of the live caricatures

of Grosz,* the closest agent and informer of the Reich Marshal, called Göring a "man of the Renaissance." What Kerner had in mind when he used the word "Renaissance" was not that hard to guess. For him Renaissance did not mean Petrarch, Leonardo da Vinci or Michelangelo; first and foremost it was rather the bloodthirsty Lodovico Sforza, the utterly corrupted Cesare Borgia and his no less notorious father Pope Alexander VI who was branded by his contemporaries as the embodiment of Antichrist.

"In 1922 I was assigned the highest possible post in the SA **," Göring boasted at the Tribunal session. Why it was specifically he, Hermann Göring, who was assigned this "post" is evident from the history of the first years of the Nazi Party: there was practically no dirty job which could not be traced back to Hermann's office.

Experience shapes the tradesman. When Goebbels thought up the idea of setting the Reichstag on fire, he knew that none other but Göring could do the job perfectly. Today the "man of the Renaissance" feels very uncomfortable when reminded about the incident. It seems that he even forgot the name of the main culprit of the Reich-

* Grosz, George (1893—1959), German-American painter and graphic artist, known for his poignant works exposing German militarism. In 1933 he left Germany and lived in the USA.

** SA — abbr. of *Sturmabteilung* — Storm troopers. (Ger.) — Tr.

stag fire, SA Führer Ernst who, fearing imminent death at Göring's hands, left us a written testimony describing not only Göring's role in the fire, but also the technical details of the venture. Ernst? Göring's paunch shook with laughter. Oh well, it had been a good idea to deal with that Ernst! In the turmoil of June 30 it hadn't been that hard to send his henchman to kingdom-come. Otherwise there would have been another extra witness and yet another source of trouble...

The prosecution read aloud General Halder's testimony:

"At a luncheon on the birthday of the Führer in 1942 the conversation turned to the topic of the Reichstag building and its artistic value. I heard with my own ears when Göring interrupted the conversation and shouted: 'The only one who really knows about the Reichstag is I, because I set it on fire!'"

In response Göring dismissed the testimony with the wave of his hand as rubbish, usual gossip, so to speak. Was it really worthwhile setting the Reichstag on fire? Now it would have been another matter if, say, the Opera had been in question. And here the longtime chairman of the Nazi Reichstag added:

"The Opera seemed to me much more important than the Reichstag..."

There were instances when even in the dock

Göring assumed the role of the first chief of the Gestapo, though it's a pity that in this case his whole staff consisted only of one man: his attorney. But, as it happened, even this staff was enough to practice blackmail. Wasn't this verified beyond doubt during the incident with the witness of Schacht and the now famous Gisevius, a man of July 20 and... of the American intelligence service, who wrote the book on the Third Reich, which was so unpleasant to Göring? The day before Gisevius was to appear in court he was approached by attorney Stahmer who said without ceremony:

"My client warns you to be careful during your testimony, because otherwise... hm..."

But as Göring's bad luck would have it, Gisevius was not intimidated by that 'hm!' and revealed quite a few new details from the Reich Marshal's biography that made even Dr. Stahmer squirm.

Yet the most brilliant material was provided by excerpts from a stenographic report of Göring's conference with the Reich Commissioners of the occupied territories and the representatives of the military command on the food supply situation. The conference took place on August 6, 1942, in the "Hermann Göring Hall" at the Air Ministry:

Göring: "... in every of the occupied regions I see people who guzzle as much as they want...

For God's sake you have not been sent there to work for the welfare of the population, but for the purpose of extracting everything possible out of these territories to enable the German people to live. That is what I expect from you. The endless concern for the foreigners must now be stopped at last..."

"... Before the gates of the Ruhr lies rich Holland. At the moment it could send a great deal more vegetables to this afflicted region. What the Dutch gentlemen think about it I do not care... Generally, what interests me in the occupied regions are only those people who work in armaments and food supply. They must be provided with just enough food to do their work..."

... Then Göring described his feelings toward other countries:

"I have forgotten about one country, because nothing but fish can be got from it. That is Norway. As regards France, I consider that the land there is still insufficiently worked. France could work the land in a completely different way, if the peasants there were forced to work a bit differently. Secondly, the population of France eats so much it is a shame..."

And, as though doubting if the nazi underlings properly understood their tasks, he exclaimed:

"... I intend to plunder and to do it thoroughly... Whenever you come across anything that may

be needed by the German people, you must be after it like a bloodhound. It must be taken out of store and brought to Germany..."

It is easy to imagine the growing dimensions of Göring's greed when he dwelt on the next subject of his speech — the occupied Soviet territories:

"And now about Russia. There is no doubt about its fertility. I must say, I am grateful that in the southern regions — so far I only saw the southern regions — we were lucky, despite great hardships, to put the land under crops, jointly with the army. This land of sour cream and apples and white bread will feed us lucratively. The Don lands will do the rest ... don't ever tell the Führer that you are marching through the steppe, when you get into sour cream..."

The more Göring spoke about the wealth of the Soviet land, the more his appetite grew. It became apparent that he was a great admirer of caviar:

"I hope that soon we will get hold of curing factories or at least will be able to open them ourselves for processing the unprecedented wealth of fish in the Sea of Azov and the Caspian Sea. General Wagner, with caviar we'll call it fifty-fifty: half for the Wehrmacht and half for the Vaterland — of course, as soon as we get there."

They didn't get there, of course, and nobody can blame Göring for that...

There is yet another excerpt which shows the techniques of argument of the "man of the Renaissance." At this same conference one of his subordinates, the Commissioner for the Eastern Territories, Lohse, requested to speak. He complained of the growing partisan movement and asked Göring for troop reinforcements.

Göring: "But you will get the battalions."

Lohse: "It's two battalions in a territory the size of Germany."

Göring: "I will give you Bucephalus. Then you will be able to sing the beautiful song 'Gen Ostland wollen wir reiten.' *

The Commissioner also complained about the lack of manpower which Commissioner Sauckel snatched away right from under his nose.

Lohse: "Therefore I cannot save the crop and keep the industry in order. I need people for work. In Estonia the situation is that many thousands of households have not a single man working."

Göring: "Dear Lohse, we have known each other a long time, you are a big liar."

At the close of the conference Göring added the final touches.

Göring: "Gentlemen, I want to say the following. I have an extraordinary amount of work to do and bear an extraordinarily great responsi-

* 'Gen Ostland wollen wir reiten — Toward the East we will ride (Ger.) — Tr.

bility. I don't have the time to read the letters and memos, in which you state that you cannot fulfill what I have demanded of you. I only have the time to ascertain occasionally from the reports of Backe * whether the demands are being fulfilled. If not, then we will have to meet again at some other place."

And they did meet again. But neither in the way nor in the place that Göring had in mind.

1946

* Backe — nazi Minister of Agriculture — Tr.

JOACHIM VON...

Joachim von Ribbentrop was out of sorts playing the part of a defendant: after a few months he aged by ten years. He was more comfortable by far as a minister, though Ribbentrop was rather reluctant to describe this period in his life.

The trial brought to light some peculiar details of this period.

When Ribbentrop first occupied the ministerial post in Wilhelmstrasse, he was, by the standards of nazi leadership, a rather "mediocre" personality. A wine-dealing business and a modest house — that's all Joachim von could boast of at that time.

In the course of two years (yes, exactly two years) he managed to catch up with his colleagues in the Cabinet. By that time he had acquired five estates. The first had "only" 1,715 hectares of plowland and woodland (Ribbentrop was an avid hunter), the second, no smaller, was near Aachen, and two more in Slovakia.

There is a rather romantic side to Ribbentrop's acquisition of the last of his five estates — a picturesque castle in Tyrol. The Reich Minister took such a liking to the castle, that he did not give its owner, Count von Ritten, an hour's rest. But

the Count had not the slightest desire to part with his patrimonial estate. The imprudent von Ritten did not know that he was thus signing his own death sentence.

Soon Ribbentrop lost his patience. On the first opportunity he told Hitler about the obstinate Austrian aristocrat who was so openly defying the ardent wish of a Third Reich minister.

Yes, that was outrageous indeed! Hitler was no less offended than Ribbentrop himself. On this occasion Ribbentrop's motives did not embarrass the Führer in the least. Above everything else the blessings of the world were meant for his paladins. He knew the price of these blessings: they made the greatest of scoundrels unbribeable, and even tigers tied to their golden leash became mongrels.

Hitler picked up the phone and called Göring.

"Will be done! Will be done, mein Führer," said Göring.

The next day Gestapo men appeared at the Count's estate and showed him the order of his arrest. It began with the words: "On instructions of the Führer..." Göring used the same words to counter the pleas of the Count's relations who tried to free the ill-fated prisoner.

Joachim von Ribbentrop became the exclusive master of the confiscated castle. There were not and could not have been any legal objections: after a couple of months in concentration camp

von Ritten became a shadow of a man. One day this shadow was dispersed by the merciful bullet of an SS man.

Today Ribbentrop the defendant is not only loath to speak about the details of the life and habits of Ribbentrop the minister, but he simply does not "remember" them... he doesn't remember the incident with von Ritten nor a completely similar incident with an employe of his ministry, Herr Luther, who was rash enough to quarrel with his chief...

"I was not present and I do not remember..." are the stereotype answers of Ribbentrop the defendant, when he is asked about these very unpleasant things. He even gave a reason for this loss of memory, exceptional in the history of medicine — bromide. You see, in the last years of his career Ribbentrop's nerves had been so frayed, that he was compelled to take bromide. In large, unbelievably large doses.

But this did not exhaust von Ribbentrop's complaints. He not only lost his memory, as it were, but also his individuality in Hitler's service. This was zealously reiterated by Ribbentrop's witness, his personal secretary, Margaret Blank, who said: "Herr von Ribbentrop subordinated his thoughts to the thoughts of the Führer. The thoughts of Hitler were his thoughts."

To cut a long story short, Ribbentrop was not a minister, but an automaton... But the only thing

Ribbentrop forgot, just as his witnesses did, was that an automaton which does harmful things is ... destroyed just the same.

In his cell and in court Ribbentrop loves to read Hoffman's stories. Probably this might explain why he felt so easy playing the part of an automaton. He identified himself so profoundly with this part that when he recalls Hitler his bass voice takes on a velvety ring and in his eyes appear tears of affection. He himself would be prepared to believe in the supernatural power of the Führer if only it would somehow ease the burden of his responsibility for the crimes committed. But there are literally tons of incriminating documents. They break, shatter and raze to the ground such an elaborately construed, weighted and learned-by-heart structure of defense.

As long as Ribbentrop answered the questions of his defense attorney, everything seemed to be all right. Ribbentrop's low voice, so unusual for his feeble frame, droned on evenly and smoothly interspersed by lyrical overtones. His phrases — smooth, trimmed and polished to perfection — flowed like a declamation; even if you did not know the rules of punctuation properly you could feel where he put the fullstops, commas or semicolons. At times you got the impression that this was not a court room, but a conference hall in Wilhelmstrasse where the Herr Reichsminister was holding a press conference and with the flexible

tongue of an accomplished diplomat reassuring his listeners of the nazi government's exceptionally peaceful disposition.

The picture changed radically when the defense attorney was replaced by the prosecutor. Then we saw the Reichsminister change into a crafty schoolboy whom the teacher had caught cheating during examinations. At first the schoolboy was at a loss, speaking slowly and languidly, pleading illness, and then, out of desperation, he plunged into the mire of verbal masturbation.

Much is said in diplomacy, but not every word of a diplomat is true, said Ribbentrop at the trial.

To which Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe, the British prosecutor to whom these words were addressed, asked reproachfully whether there could not be at least some truth in diplomatic language.

Ribbentrop maintained a sullen silence. His brain worked feverishly as he tried to dig up from the recesses of his memory an incident when the Ribbentrop diplomat had spoken a word of truth. In vain, there was no such incident. Ribbentrop nervously adjusted his tie and raised his eyes to the ceiling.

"It might have been that such a situation did arise when I was compelled to speak..." — at this point the word "truth," so unusual for Ribbentrop, got stuck in his throat; in his mind he leafed

through his turgid diplomatic vocabulary and at long last dug up what he needed — "a harsh language."

Hours, days passed. Ribbentrop defended himself with the last scraps of strength he still had, trying to drown the true sense of his answers in the swamp of verbiage. In response to Lieutenant-General Rudenko's query as to why Ribbentrop made whole speeches when a mere "yes" or "no" would suffice, Ribbentrop answered without a stutter:

"The reason why I talk so much is explained by the state of my health..."

But the questions did produce results, albeit not for a long time. After half an hour or an hour Ribbentrop would again complain of lack of memory to save the day. But before that happened he restricted himself to the shortest answers possible, which were as muddled and misleading as all his previous answers.

"Do you not consider the seizure of the Czechoslovak Republic an act of aggression?" Lieutenant-General Rudenko asked.

"No, it was a necessity prompted by the geographical location of Germany."

"And what about the attack on Poland?"

"The attack on Poland became unavoidable because of the attitude of other powers..."

"And the attack on the USSR?"

"In the direct sense of the word it was not

aggression. Aggression — that is ... a very complex notion..."

Having in this way coped with defining aggression, Joachim von Ribbentrop looked askance at the wall where the gilded hands of the clock pointed to midday. There was still a whole hour till the saving intermission. Ribbentrop wiped the sweat off his nose, although a sepulchral cold blew from the numerous ventilators in the hall.

For Joachim von Ribbentrop it was becoming hot and ... uncomfortable, as uncomfortable as in a coffin. Ribbentrop's lips greedily drew in the air, and he had the looks of a man who has suddenly seen the eyes of unrelenting death. Maybe Ribbentrop recalled the wild despair burning in the eyes of the people whom Horthy, on Ribbentrop's categorical orders, had dispatched in the crematory furnaces of Oswiecim three years ago? There were six hundred thousand of them.

But no, that's not what Ribbentrop thought of at this black hour. Any minute, it seemed, tears would come flowing from his dropsical eyes and the Reichsminister would weep over his lot. He couldn't weep over anything else, because his soul is trivial, and quite scurrilous besides.

1946

ÜBERMENSCH *

Hans Frank was more sentimental than Ribbentrop. During the cross-examination, when he was reminded of the incarcerated and tortured professors of Cracow University, Frank said with a sob:

"I am particularly sorry about this incident..."

There were many such incidents in the career of the erstwhile Governor-General of Poland and Galicia: his 38 incriminating diaries carry enough legal weight to have their writer sentenced to death by execution a dozen times over.

"I was a fanatic of National Socialism," Frank declared probably expecting the Tribunal to regard fanaticism as a version of mental derangement. But this sort of "fanaticism" was an extremely wide-spread disease in the Third Reich, above all among its leaders, and its nature was an unraveled secret to no one.

There is no doubt that when he was at a Gymnasium, Hans Frank read Nietzsche, and that his memory still retains whole pages of the Germanized Zoroaster's super-pathetic declamations. He belongs to that generation of German intellectuals who found in Nietzsche's emphatic statements

* *Übermensch* — Superman (Ger.)

not only a poeticized sermon on German imperialism, but, perhaps above all, a panacea against all secret diseases: against personal helplessness in the face of the events to come, against personal impotency, against personal worthlessness. After a bath in the water of Nietzschean philosophy, the asses gained lions' manes, and the ravens — peacock tails. *Weltschmerz* * was replaced by the cult of *Übermensch*, and every egocentric washout became its follower.

Hans Frank was among them. Mother Nature treated him fairly. She gave him a decent-looking face and a fair ear and memory, allowing Hans to graduate from a department of law. And that's all he had to his credit. But for Hans, a spoiled Wunderkind from a middle-class family, this was not enough. Incited by the mystifying novels of Karl May, his imagination pushed him onto the road of adventurism, although to this end Hans had neither the character nor the courage or aptitude. He was enmeshed by the prevalent petty-bourgeois morals: evil is justifiable only when it appears in the guise of legality.

With the emergence of Hitler's organization on Germany's political horizon, Hans Frank found his place in life. A completely unknown Munich lawyer, one of the legion of law defenders pauperized through overproduction, he now made

* *Weltschmerz* — World-Pain (Ger.) — Tr.

a grab at the cards, hoping to win everything: personal happiness, affluence, glory and, most important, a belief in his personal significance and grandeur, a belief which had been horribly undermined in Hans by the reality of post-Versailles Germany, so unkind to the *Übermenschen*.

No wonder Hans Frank became one of the enthusiasts of Hitler's political platform, and one of the "first braves" to tackle all the 782 pages of *Mein Kampf*. "*Kolossal! Wunderbar! Prächtig!*" *

And what about anti-Semitism? All of a sudden Hans Frank realized that he was an anti-Semite. He recalled that among the influential and ... rich Munich lawyers were certain Jewish names. He was gnawed by envy mixed with what the Germans call *Minderwertigkeitsgefühl*.** At long last he found a scapegoat for his life's failures! The sages of Zion, the anonymous state, that's what it was! In every Jew he saw now a covert genius, an omnipotent demon who thought only of getting rid of such an embodiment of Aryan virtues as Hans Frank. His feeble mind, which up to that day had been tortured by burdensome questions, was not to rest in peace: he would be successfully rescued by the mystics of anti-Semitism along with their activities patterned on ritual killing.

* *Kolossal! Wunderbar! Prächtig!* — Great! Wonderful! Splendid! (Ger.)

** *Minderwertigkeitsgefühl* — Inferiority complex (Ger.) — Tr.

The religion of idiots had acquired yet a new follower.

Versailles? To hell with it! Overwhelmed by a sudden surge of patriotism, Frank raised his head with the pride of a martyr.

"*Deutschland über alles, über alles in der Welt!*" * With tears of affection welling up in his eyes he viewed the endless street processions of the *Stahlhelm*, he feasted his eyes on the nicked helmet spikes of the Prussian generals whose drooping paunches bore the legend of the Reich's invincibility. Oh, Hans wanted to strut along with them all right, but through different alleys; no wonder the name of Hitler's party included the word "workers'".

In no time Hans joined the marchers. Yes, only military boots could make him feel a hundred-percent man.

It is true, though, that Hans Frank rarely took part in the street brawls, leaving this job to the *Volksgenossen* with lesser ambitions. Regarding himself a man of intellect, he wished "to wake up Germany" from the heights of a lawyer's rostrum. The butchers from the SA and SS were his permanent clients. It was not difficult to defend the criminals, since Frank's audience of mantled lawyers worshipped the same Great-German idols of revenge as the murderers. Assuming the pose

* *Deutschland über alles, über alles in der Welt!* — Germany above everything else, above everything else in the world! (Ger.) — Tr.

of Cato, he ranted at the Jews, French, Freemasons and Marxists, shed rhetorical tears over the fate of Germany, and shook his little fist at a Moscow invisible from his rostrum. Frank saw how the judges nodded in time with his words, and the little man mistook the approving gestures of the same dunderheaded reactionaries as he for proof of his personal grandeur...

Hans Frank especially hated the communists. He hated them for two reasons: personal and legal. He did not read and did not want to know anything about the history of the emergence of the Communist Party and its program. And it was not only because such types as Hans Frank had it more easy hating what they did not know. Hans Frank belonged to those "intellectualists" who panicked at the thought of inquiring into new ideas which could shake their *Weltanschauung*. Utterly narrow as it might have been, the *Weltanschauung* was nonetheless so traditional, so advantageous and so comfortable.

For such types as Hans Frank the foremost reason for hatred was fear. Intent on making a lawyer's career, and after having reaped the first fruits of success, Hans Frank abhorred thinking about profound social reverses which could have thrown him down from the rungs of the hierarchic ladder, which could have brought to naught the results of his desperate efforts to thrust himself above the heads of the "rabble."

What was his attitude toward the working class? By instructions of the Nazi Party he spoke about it in a pathetic key for reasons of tactics, so to speak. But deep in his heart he, just like Hitler, Göring, Goebbels and Ley, despised, hated and... was afraid of the workers. He despised them as an "esthete," he hated them as a philistine, he was afraid of them as a nazi.

And what about revolution? For Hans Frank there was no word as repellant as this one. Wasn't it revolution that mercilessly shattered the laws which had nurtured and shaped the whole of Hans's *Weltanschauung*, determining the very meaning of his existence in the direct and indirect sense of this word? What about a palace revolution? Oh well, let it be, as long as it would serve to consolidate the existing order of things. Such revolutions, besides being legalized by tradition, had yet another positive side from Frank's viewpoint — they did not involve the masses whatsoever, the masses whom Hans Frank considered nothing more than rabble, a chaotic, discordant, worthless, stupid and helpless herd of sheep, a limp object in the hands of political mesmerists of Hans Frank's type.

At one of the trials Hans Frank was lucky. Defending yet another group of nazi undercover killers, he managed to have Adolf Hitler "himself" appear in court as a witness, and Hitler was given the opportunity to preach the poisonous ideas of

nazism in front of Themis and the whole of Germany.

From that day on, Hans Frank's name became a fixture in the *Völkischer Beobachter*. All of a sudden he was appointed legal advisor to the Nazi Party and prepared himself to become the law-maker of the future Third Reich. And so it happened that when Hitler seized power and founded the "Academy of German Law," he appointed the Munich lawyer specializing in "dirty jobs" as its president.

Frank's task was rather complex. In a short time he was to prepare and "supplement" the already existing laws in order to legalize not only the massacres the nazis had already carried out, but also those which were to come.

The "Academy" became a beehive of activity. The sound philistine traditions stopped worrying his soul: with a willingness evoking real amazement he fell on his knees before Rosenberg's fabricated "blood traditions," which allowed the law code to be transformed into a manual for criminals.

Hans Frank made the most of this opportunity. With the assistance of such "lawyers" as Gürtner, Freisler and Kerl, he prepared a "unique" creation in the history of law, which characterized not only its authors, but the whole nazi system right down to its innards. Here is one of the main principles of the nazi criminal code, which was cere-

moniously proclaimed in 1936 by Hans Frank and his associates:

"The lawyer must be provided with the opportunity to fill in the gaps in the criminal code, so that, in some cases, the lawyer could be a law-maker."

According to Frank's modest definition these "cases" included instances of "betrayal of German blood," that is: offense against any functionary of the Nazi Party, critical attitudes toward the nazi system, or affairs between Germans and "racially inferior" partners. Such instances were so large in number that the newly concocted criminal code, crammed as it already was with punitive clauses, could neither foresee nor embrace all of these "felonies." "Academician" Frank and his ilk arrived at a very simple option: they placed all the responsibility of guarding the regime and its principles on the obedient clerks who, for propriety's sake, were called lawyers.

Having thus created the legal foundation of the Third Reich, Hans Frank did not display the slightest desire to rest on his laurels. He knew Hitler's intentions and goals, and he was also aware that this was only the overture to an opera in which Hans was to sing one of the leading roles.

On September 1, 1939, Adolf Schicklgruber set forth to conquer the world. And Hans Frank did not lag behind. On the very first day of the war

he donned the smart field uniform of an infantry captain. That did not mean, though, that Frank was prepared to lay down his life for the Führer: like all other nazis in the leadership, he wore the uniform "for the sake of form," to show the naive people his readiness to shed his valuable blood for Lebensraum. In fact, though, all he did was wait for his great hour.

The hour struck: Hitler appointed him General-Governor of occupied Poland. On the approaches to the capital of the Generalgouvernement, Cracow, Hans Frank saw the Gothic towers of Wawel Castle. Tremble, Poland! Poland where the kings of the Piast dynasty were born and died, where the victor of Grünwald Jagiełło had once covered the chamber floors with the standards of the proud Crusaders, there the Übermensch was to sit from now on.

Hans Frank instantly identified himself with an autocratic monarch. At first, it is true, Frank was embarrassed by the size of the castle halls which seemed to underscore the pettiness of the new master. But this was only at first. With time, he felt just as comfortable under the king's tester as he had been a number of decades ago in the cradle in his native Karlsruhe.

Moreover, Hans Frank arrived at the conclusion that the castle with its historical and museum-like quality was too modest for a Reich Vice-King, an Übermensch, a lord-paramount of the Polish land

and the Polish sky, a supreme ruler of the bodies and souls of twenty million living beings.

He found the famous Cracow architect Bogusz and ordered him to renovate Wawel to make it look worthy of its new master...

From the windows of Wawel he looked down upon the city. Way down below the people looked like ants. Frank counted them for a long time till he had counted two hundred. In a year only one hundred remained alive, in two years no more than twenty-five, and later on — oh well, we'll see. Feeling very proud he stretched himself till his muscles ached, then he sat down at the desk and started his diary:

"We will deal with Poland as if it were a colony. The Poles will be slaves of the Great German world empire."

After making his daily entry in the diary (in which he pedantically recorded how many Poles and Jews had been hanged, shot, gased and starved on his orders and how many more were to be hanged, shot, gased and starved), Frank's soul was freed from earthly worries and longed for pure beauty.

He opened the window wide: let the Polish Untermenschen know what a great artist the world would have been deprived of, had the bullet of a Polish underground fighter cut his life short.

Frank's fingers flew over the keyboard of the piano, producing now gracious now sorrowful

and lyrical sounds, particularly the *Ballad* of the very Frédéric Chopin whose monument in Warsaw he had had destroyed. Let the ungrateful Poles know that in spite of everything Frank had a magnanimous and noble heart.

And now let us read what the Italian writer Curtio Maliaparte who knew Hans Frank pretty well, has to say about him. As an army correspondent covering the events on the Western front, Maliaparte frequently visited Frank and heard from him a whole mass of information, which he later collated into his book — *Rats*.

The following scene took place in Warsaw where Frank occasionally visited in the capacity of inspector.

"In the Brühl palace, some paces from the ruins of the King Palace, in the *gemütliche* atmosphere of a German petty-bourgeois estate, the clear and rebellious sounds of Chopin take wing under the gentle, white hands of Poland's Governor-General. My face burned with hatred and shame.

"'Ach, he plays like an angel!' whispered Frau Brigitte Frank. That moment the music ceased, and Frank appeared on the threshold. Frau Brigitte quickly rose to her feet; her wool clew fell to the floor; she went up to her husband and kissed his hands.

"As his extended hands were kissed on an impulse of submissiveness and religious ecstasy, he

took on a pose of an inspired priest of the Muses; it could have seemed that he had just now come down the steps of the altar after reading solemn mass, expecting any minute that Frau Brigitte would fall down on her knees before him like before a deity. But Frau Brigitte took Frank's hands, raised them and said to us, 'Take a look' — there was a tinge of triumph in her voice — 'take a look, his hands are just like those of an angel!'

"I looked at Frank's hands: they were small, gentle and very white. I was surprised not to have noticed any stains of blood on them.

"After the concert Frank decided to show his guests the more interesting sights of the Polish capital. As should have been expected, he first of all invited them on a tour of a recently organized ghetto.

"'In Cracow,' Frau Brigitte said, 'my husband built a ... wall around the ghetto, with gorgeous curves and beautiful gunports. The Cracow Jews have no reason to complain. The wall is gorgeous, done in Jewish style.'

"Everyone broke into laughter, as they stomped along the frozen snow.

"'Raus!' * shouted a soldier who stood on one knee behind a snow pile, holding a loaded rifle in his hands. He was aiming it at a hole in the wall. Another soldier stood behind his back

* Raus — get out, come out (Ger.) — Tr.

watching. A moment later the first soldier fired. The bullet hit the edge of the hole.

"'Missed!' the soldier exclaimed gayly and re-loaded his rifle.

"Frank came up to them and asked what they were shooting at.

"'At a rat!' the soldier answered with a loud laugh.

"'At a rat? Oh, I see!' said Frank and bent down to have a better look from behind the soldier's back.

"We also drew nearer; the ladies laughed and squeaked, pulling their long skirts up round their ankles, as ladies usually do when they hear anything about rats.

"'Where, where's the rat?' asked Frau Brigitte Frank.

"'Achtung!' * said the soldier and aimed. A black, disheveled mop of hair and two hands standing on the snow could be seen through the hole at the foot of the wall. It was a child.

"A shot rent the air, and this time the soldier almost hit the target. The child's head disappeared behind the wall. Frank lost his temper.

"'Give me that rifle; you don't know how to shoot properly.' And he took the rifle and aimed."

Months and years passed, the sweet poison of unlimited power produced its effects. The limits

* Achtung — Attention (Ger.) — Tr.

between the possible and impossible gradually disappeared. Whereas previously Hans Frank walked in blood up to his knees, now he bathed in blood up to his neck. Frank overfulfilled the monstrous instructions of Hitler and Himmler ten-fold. He invented ever new methods of mass murder, he passionately spun the web of countless provocations. Yet every time it did not seem enough for him. The *Übermensch* felt himself too restricted within the shell of a governor-general.

Frank studied Machiavelli. He eagerly appeared before his would-be victims, hoping naively that his shallow clichés would produce a hypnotic effect of a python's stare. He readily received provincial Quislings, like Count Roniker and Kubiyo-vich, and treated them with a haughtiness of an Asiatic despot; he responded to the petitions with a condescending nod of his head, he heard out the complaints and appeals with a magnanimous smile and ... always gave some promise, even when it was impossible to satisfy the petitioner. His secretary accurately recorded his every word, and the next day Frank's "speech" appeared in bold type in the collaborationist newspapers along with the portrait of the "sovereign."

"Not enough!" the *Übermensch* shrieked within him. Just the thought of those Himmlers and Goebbellses choked Frank with envy. From the heights of his "ego" all the Nazi leaders seemed

to him now miserable creatures, and the careers of even the best of them had been based on misunderstanding. Frank's ambition burst the frontiers of the Generalgouvernement, so he decided to set out in the quest of the golden fleece for the Reich's glory. The laurels of Hitler and Goebbels made him restless, in his delirious dreams he already saw himself as their successor. Frank's obsessive contempt of the rabble made him think that to use the actual sentiments of the masses would be enough for his ends.

At that time even some of the nazis were tired of omnivorous terror, so Frank, as president of the "Academy of German Law," appeared in a number of German cities with a cycle of lectures, in which he painted in pastel colors the advantages of legality over illegality...

Himmler called Frank to account. That *Besserwisser* * from Cracow had gotten on his nerves a long time ago. Himmler had a brief conversation with Hitler — and Frank was given a telling piece of advice: the Reich Chancellory considered it would be best both for the Reich Chancellory and for Frank if the Governor-General of Poland and Galicia would from now on deal exclusively with the problems within his competence, and so as to facilitate the execution of his functions as Governor-General, the Führer reliev-

* *Besserwisser* — Know-all (Ger.) — Tr.

ed him of the presidency of the "Academy of German Law..."

The blow was well-aimed, although Frank did not double up at once. At first it only hit the pride of the *Übermensch*, and then he sent Hitler his letter of resignation. No sooner done, his pride changed to fear. Frank waited for a week or two, but Berlin kept silent. Himmler's instructive method started to produce its desired results: Frank was now choking with fear. Frank left Cracow and made for Krzeszowice, to the palace he had confiscated from a Polish aristocrat. There the paintings, furniture and gobelin tapestries Frank had looted from all over Poland were to set his "benefactor's" heart at ease. But the shadow of the regime's claws fell on this part of earthly paradise as well. Exasperated, with frayed nerves, Hans Frank returned to Wawel. Now the murderer trembled like an aspen leaf, and the cadaverous smell of Majdanek started to haunt him... All of a sudden the "new Zoroaster" was seized by the earthly feeling of hopeless loneliness. He became aware that the bullets of the Polish avengers had not yet riddled his precious hide, only because it was defended by the armor of the mighty Third Reich. Now Hitler and Himmler could not only strip him of this armor, but make the Governor-General the object of the same measures which Frank applied to the inmates of Tremblinka and Majdanek...

The instinct of self-preservation got the upper hand: Frank decided that from now on he would prove his loyalty to Hitler every day and every hour of the day. His death mills started to grind with a horrendous speed. With a sense of fear he saw that the Hitlerite police generals disregarded him now in their extermination duties. He was more afraid than angered by this fact. Only in his diary did his megalomania find an outlet, while in the role of Governor-General he bent every effort to prove more royalist than the king. Upon embarking on the mad death race with the Gestapo, he zealously tried at every step to emphasize his loyalty to the Führer. He tried to guess the most secret intentions of the Nazi leadership. Speaking to the Cracow Germans in January 1944, he ominously prophesied:

"If we win the war, we will make mincemeat of all the Poles and Ukrainians."

Fortunately enough, Hans Frank did not have the opportunity to materialize his crazy dreams. The death race was cut short in May 1945 and the exterminator of nations landed in the same dock as Göring and Ribbentrop.

And we must say that Hans Frank was lucky: he could have found himself in more sturdy hands; putting it another way, Hans Frank knew what he was doing when he fled to the western part of Germany.

He did not conceal his joy at managing to

choose the lesser of the two evils. In the first weeks of the trial, this joy took on the form of cynical self-confidence. In the atmosphere of legal liberalism the *Übermensch* revived! With hands crossed on his chest, his head bent in ironic contemplation, Hans Frank listened to the representatives of the prosecution with an invariably mocking smile; now he bent to Rosenberg, treating him to his sallies, now he yawned demonstratively and opened a book.

Only when he was called to the witness stand did Hans Frank lose his pose of a grinning cynic. But even under these circumstances, in the face of the judges of the world, the poseur remained a poseur. Solemnly, in the key of a throne speech, he proclaimed the full name of the Nazi Party; in a voice trembling with excessive pathos he called himself a "fanatic national socialist," and quite seriously declared: "Despite the dictatorship I strived to establish an independent court."

But the longer you listened to Frank the more you realized that this clown, stained all over with the blood of millions, had a remarkable sense of reality when it came to the question — to be or not to be? Maybe this sense of reality was too remarkable! Counting on the judges and prosecutors' insufficient knowledge of all the details of his rule in Poland, Frank told how he had "upheld justice in spite of the laws of war," how

he had promoted the "representation of the Polish and Ukrainian population in the Generalgouvernement," how he had had the schools "closed by the Poles themselves" reopened (i.e., sanitary courses in Lviv organized for the needs of the German army, not even giving the trainees the right to be called orderlies — Y.H.), and, lastly, how much Hitler disliked him as a lawyer, that is as a person who was an "arrestive factor of Hitler's power..."

Frank even shed tears over the death of the Cracow University professors. Attempting to emphasize that those were real tears, he kept on applying his handkerchief for a whole minute, and after having relieved his grief in this way, he noted modestly but loud enough for everyone to hear, that the professors were arrested two weeks before his arrival in Poland and that he could not, so to speak, be kept responsible for their death.

And then came the minute when Frank stunned the judges — the judges, and the prosecutors, and the whole world. His unusually varied assortment of defensive arguments included something which none of the defendants had, which was supposed to produce an unparalleled effect. Should the mentality of the Tribunal's members remain unaffected by his sensible argumentations, Hans Frank foresightedly, just in case, came up with something which simply should have soften-

ed their hearts, though after that he kept avoiding Hermann Göring's eyes for a long time...

This is what Hans Frank came up with:

"I have never organized an extermination camp for Jews nor have I demanded its establishment; but since Hitler had placed such a horrible responsibility on the German people... this responsibility fell on me as well. A thousand years will pass and this responsibility will still weigh heavily on the German people!"

Pretending to be profoundly moved, Frank pressed his "angel's hands" to his head in a gesture of despair and repentance and, squinting his little, deeply set eyes, he looked intently into the faces of his judges to find at least a spark of sympathy in them.

...Frank did not find it. His face turned red, then pale, his hands fell down like the wings of a mortally wounded bird of prey...

And now the *Übermensch* resembled a bag of flesh and bones, which had been left behind on the chair by some careless bum.

1946

TALENTS OF THE THIRD REICH

Ribbentrop is rightly considered a star of the first magnitude within the Nazi constellation. In a few years of his career as Hitler's Minister of Foreign Affairs, he managed to acquire five landed estates. The world properly appraised these and other skills of Joachim von Ribbentrop: today Ribbentrop occupies a place of eminence among the defendants at Nuremberg.

But apart from Göring, Rosenberg, Ribbentrop and Frank, the Third Reich bred thousands upon thousands of similar talents whom ill fate did not accord a place in history — at least, in the history of criminology. But time goes on and with it their deeds may disappear into the murk of the past, into the abyss of oblivion — the deeds of obscure and humble Ribbentrops, the deeds of nameless little soldiers of the Third Reich...

I, that is — we, as journalists like to put it (I love that "we," it doesn't make you feel so lonesome), decided to rectify at least a part of the injustice incurred to these people, and so today we have turned our lyre to a pathetic key.

The heroes of this instructive, yet true story

are the Auers, a typical German couple resembling to a certain extent a modern Tristan and Isolde. Research into the first years of their life provided us with rather scanty information. The only thing we managed to establish beyond any doubt was that Herr Auer had been a porter and Frau Auer a housemaid, and that they had lived in Beyreuth where even the gagging of geese was reminiscent of the sweet sounds of Lohengrin.

We do not know whether it was the atmosphere of the city, saturated with the music of the songster of Teutonic furor, or the eloquence of Goebbels, that had influenced the couple, but as soon as the trumpets sounded the call for Siegfried's descendants to rally for the campaign on Moscow and Kiev, the Auers left their snug nest in Beyreuth and set off to the east to gain glory for the thousand-year Reich.

And so the day came when the excited eyes of the Auers fell on the beautiful city of Lviv and their lips whispered: "This will be our Promised Land. Here in the fine German city of Lemberg we will lay a brick into the foundation of the thousand-year Reich."

And ... they laid it. Five weeks had not passed before the appearance of a new fashionable grocery in the heart of Lviv. The grocery had two new signboards: one bore the name of Auer, and the other, smaller in size, three magic words:

"Nur für Deutsche.*" A heroic epoch had begun in the life of the red-haired Frau Auer. Forbidding as Valkyrie, and proud as Brunhilde, she stalked about the store like a soldier and never for a minute did she take her watchful eye off her 40 slaves. When she had picked a victim, her cane swished through the air, and within a minute the bloody streak on the cheek of the victim showed that the wrath of the glorious Teutons had nested in Frau Auer's heart.

In a short time Frau Auer became the cause celebre of officious Lviv. For Auer's store had practically everything except pigeon's milk. When Frau Wildhausen and Frau Hebauer, the wives of the butchers from the Janiw death camp, called on Frau Auer and paid her due respect, she accepted their adulatory smiles as an appropriate tribute. Then came the day when Frau Auer received an invitation from the governor himself: the governor's wife expressed the hope "that the honorable Frau Auer visit her humble home."

Don't think, though, that the store was the only reason of Frau Auer's popularity with the then rulers of Lviv. Every Unter- and Oberführer was well aware that many web threads spun by the Gestapo converged in her strong hands, and more than one victim had been entangled in those webs...

* „Nur für Deutsche" — "For Germans only" (Ger.) — Tr.

Oh, yes, Frau Auer was an ideal of a Third-Reich woman.

Herr Auer did not lag behind either. True, he rarely visited the store, for this contradicted the dignity of German man. Herr Auer's *Lebensraum* was far more extensive. With the dexterity of a Göring Herr Auer took to organizing everything that fell into his hands, and this included practically everything: gold, silver, diamonds, furs, furniture. Herr Auer was not a bit perturbed that all these things smelled of the fresh blood of the murdered Soviet people. Herr Auer, you see, was a true follower of the Führer's ideas.

But fate has the property of wandering in a roundabout way. At times it unexpectedly turns its back on a man, as if trying to show him that the path to happiness is not always strewn with rose petals. No sooner had Herr Auer spread his wings to fly, no sooner had he and Frau Auer acquired four wonderful cottages, than capricious fate thwacked him with its heavy paw.

Herr Auer had the misfortune of quarrelling with his associates. They claimed, it is true, that Herr Auer had systematically cheated them during the distribution of the booty. But we know perfectly well what human envy is capable of...

This set off the battle of the Titans, which was known as the "Aueriana" in nazi-occupied Lviv. Herr Auer did not give up for a long time: he enjoyed the support of the Lviv Gestapo, of Herr

Polizeichef and even of the Herr Governor, on his side were all those who in one way or another had an intimate knowledge of the Auers's generosity.

After failing in Lviv, his enemies rushed off to Cracow to the Governor-General Frank himself, and when Frank proved to be deaf to their pleas, they went to Berlin! It was only there that these misanthropes managed to find protection. Herr Auer was arrested. The residents of Lviv related that when the police came for Auer, they broke down and cried like children.

Frau Auer cried, too, but not for long. Realizing her duty before the Reich, this woman, hardened in the fray of life, took upon her frail shoulders all the burden of her husband's business. As a result, when the Red Army approached Lviv, a number of railroad cars tightly packed with loot left the city together with Frau Auer.

This ends the first period of the fruitful activities of the Auers, and for a long time we did not know anything about their destiny. But was it really possible to forget such a classical Third-Reich couple?

That is why, upon arriving on German soil, we considered it our foremost duty to inquire into their whereabouts. It was not for our sake, but for the sake of history. It wasn't easy to find one German man among 35 million German men, or to find one German woman among 35 million Ger-

man women. It is a well-known fact, though, that inbred industriousness coupled with persistence and a weakness for rubbing shoulders with outstanding personalities work wonders.

This was just the case here. Unfortunately, at that time we did not even know in what city or in what part of Germany this outstanding couple had settled down. By accident we found out that after leaving Lviv Frau Auer, too, was not destined to work long for the Reich. The malevolent associates of her husband found her here as well. The struggle was unequal: after some time the jail door was slammed upon her and the recently purchased cottages and a suitcase stuffed with gold and diamonds were orphaned.

No wonder people say: all is well that ends well. Once by the walls of the prison American soldiers appeared like some noble knights from a fairy tale. After some minutes these soldiers saw in front of them the faces of the Auers, which were haggard but beamed with joy. Oh, Herr Auer and Frau Auer were now firm, uncompromising and hundred-percent antifascists. Interrupting each other, they told their liberators, who were moved to the point of crying, about their exploits in the struggle with nazism (of all things) and of their suffering.

Now we come to the end of this romantic, but true story. Injustice, which was so thoughtlessly administered by the nazis, was immediately

rectified. Herr Auer and Frau Auer received from the American authorities the best villa in Beyreuth, which formerly belonged to the Gauleiter of Eastern Bavaria, Herr Schemm. They received it along with all the furniture and belongings the Gauleiter had managed to hoard during the long years of his work for the Reich.

We deemed it necessary to pay a call on the famous couple. It did not take us long to locate the Schemm villa. Its beauty immediately caught our eye. With fluttering hearts we pressed the bell and exactly two minutes afterwards, a white-aproned housemaid appeared on the threshold. We expressed our ardent wish to personally extend our regards to Frau Auer from her former employes in Lemberg. The housemaid disappeared.

We don't know whether it was our Russian-style caps or the word "Lemberg" that after a minute caused some strange things to happen in the house. First of all a red bunch of hair darted across the terrace, then something started running and thumping in the corridors, and suddenly silence fell upon the grand villa.

Fifteen minutes passed when the housemaid reappeared and declared with an unsure voice:

"Frau Auer's got a headache. Would you please come back in three or four weeks."

"And what about Herr Auer?"

"Herr Auer ... isn't in either."

The news certainly depressed us. With heads bent low we roamed through the vernal streets of Beyreuth for a long time. In the center of the city we saw a poster: The Social-Democratic Party announced a meeting of protest against the unification of workers' parties. The speaker at the meeting was ... "Genosse * Auer."

Now we understood everything.

1946

* Genosse — comrade (Ger.) — Tr.

IT'S RAINING IN NUREMBERG

It is hardly worthwhile envying the residents of a city, in which autumn, winter and spring only last a day. From October onward a seemingly unchanging opaque cloud of ashen and sooty colors hangs over Nuremberg. At times, in the morning, it is roused from its lethargic sleep by a casual north wind. Then the cloud lazily sways over the city and by evening crawls away toward the Franconia Mountains to return once again and saddle the mutilated spires of St. Lorenz Church by daybreak. Each morning a new day is reflected in the same puddles of water, which try in vain to find an outlet in the labyrinth of ruined streets.

Our car sluggishly cut through the sea of stagnant mist, and only the sorrowful shadows of the pine trees lining the highway indicated that we had left the city behind us. The asphalt became more even, the muddy pools gradually disappeared. One by one festively attired Franconian townships, which seemed to have been built only yesterday, fled by. Their neat buildings blended in a nacreous mass, and even the cinnabar

of the roofs was now the color of water-soaked clay.

In one such township our car turned into a side street. The driver stopped in front of a building housing the editorial office of a German newspaper.

I went up to the first floor. A sepulchral silence reigned in the corridors, as if this were not an editorial office but a picture gallery on a day off. I opened the first door. A young man wearing horn-rimmed glasses stood up from behind his desk, and on hearing the word "editor," led me to the opposite end of the corridor.

My feet sunk in a piled rug. I entered the office of the editor. A lanky man with a wizened, yellow face raised his high eyebrows, and his eyes betrayed a slight trace of surprise and fright. The editor hesitatingly extended his hand. Upon seeing the Soviet passport, he extended it a second time. The apprehension in his eyes melted away. He offered me a seat.

"Please let me look through the latest issues of your newspaper. Because of its small circulation it is difficult to get it in town," I said.

The editor readily nodded agreement.

"Fräulein Edda...!"

In the doorway of the adjoining room appeared a blond girl of twenty years. She wore a dark-blue skirt, and a little gold cross sparkled coquettishly on her breast. She went up to the bookcase with hardly audible footsteps and within a

minute put the newspapers on the table in front of me. Without raising her head the girl disappeared into her room.

When I had finished, the editor asked me to stay for a while. I thanked him for the offer. I did not feel easy in telling this man that I was not so much interested in his newspaper as in its readers.

He told me of the long years he had spent in Dachau. He talked more about others than about himself. Then he suddenly fell silent and, as if recalling something, went to the window. Usually lively and restless, his eyes now looked intently for something in the street.

"Are you expecting someone?" I ventured to ask.

The editor quickly returned to his desk. His cheeks were covered with red spots. He was overtly alarmed. With a trembling hand he struck a match, and for a second his face disappeared behind a cloud of cigarette smoke.

"No, I'm not expecting anyone. During the first weeks I did, but then I gave up, what could I tell my readers except a number of vague phrases about a vague democracy."

"And what do they want?"

"Like every human being they want to know what the future will be like, and like every human being they want to shape that future with their own hands."

"Are you sure those hands won't shape another Hitler?"

The editor put on a faint smile. He bent over the desk and dropped his voice to a whisper:

"They are already shaping him..."

He wiped the sweat off his forehead with a handkerchief.

"It's only the beginning. But even today everyone of us realizes that it can't go on like this. Occasionally I get newspapers from your zone. From morning till night the residents of Dresden are rebuilding their city, and I know my compatriots: in a couple of years Dresden will become Dresden again. I've been told about the smoke rising from the stacks of Prussia and Mecklenburg's plants. And what do you see here except wooden buttons and cheap English-language manuals? The Bible? Why, it was popularized by Martin Luther God knows when. With what effect — you know that yourself. Today history repeats itself. Fräulein Edda!"

The clatter of the typewriter ceased, and I heard the secretary's spry footsteps.

"Bring me the blue folder, please."

Less than half a minute passed before her helpful hands placed the blue folder in front of us. I noticed that it was of the same color as Fräulein Edda's skirt.

The editor rose to his feet.

"Go ahead, read it, I won't disturb you."

I leafed through a number of pages. It was a collection of anonymous letters. On the first page I tried to find at least a false name. Instead I came across the words: "Be damned, you mercenaries of American rule, we'll bathe in your blood yet!"

Further on I read: "The day will come when we will get even with the traitors who in the face of the brutal beastly enemy (that's a compliment addressed to the Americans who founded the Hersbruck camp where they re-educate the nazis, feeding them as if they were at a resort — Y. H.) call the German people the culprits of the war. God, who has always been with us Germans, will help us make this day come faster than expected."

That was a bit more interesting. But it was only the beginning. Now something about freedom of speech.

"Why is it that today," the writer of another anonymous letter bitterly complains, "no German has the right to speak the truth?"

Some years later we were to find out what "truth" the writer of the letter had in mind:

"Why is it that today no one has the right to tell the world about the good deeds German soldiers have done for the citizens of the occupied countries?"

All this was written very seriously and even with a tinge of pathos. I felt hot.

Yet another letter signed "Students of the University of Erlangen":

"Herr Editor, you do not like our demonstrations against your adherent Nimmeller? Well, you can go on writing as you like. Soon you will see that your trees do not grow to the skies. You have been locked up once, and eventually you will be locked up again if you don't stop writing outrageous fairy tales about concentration camps, if you don't stop defaming our great patriots whom the enemies are now trying as 'war criminals.' We warn you!"

Then there was a lengthy missive of nine tightly typewritten pages. Its author, as the style suggested, was one of the younger generation of German "intellectualists." Right from the beginning he forewarned that he had nothing in common with the nazis. Yet this did not stop him in the least from writing the following:

"The Nuremberg trial is the same caper as the workers' strikes had been before Hitler's advent to power. You have placed the German bear in a cage. But this bear will show his claws yet, so tremble, enemies!"

Among the letters so neatly folded by the careful Fräulein Edda I came across a green envelope which must have been put there as a supplement to the collection. It bore the address of the editorial office of the *Lünebergen Post* and a post mark from the city of Cuxhaven. The writer was

bold enough to put his initials at the beginning of the letter, probably wanting thereby to dissociate himself from the Werwolf*. On the face of it he seemed to be sincerely disturbed by the spreading influence of nazi ideas:

"... Some days ago I was going by train from Langwedel to Bremen. A conversation started in the car, in which all the passengers eventually took part. The conversation centered on the food supply cutbacks, unemployment, and about the uncertainty of the present course, to which one of the passengers said that this misfortune would not have occurred had Hitler chopped off twice as many heads. So I reminded my fellow travelers about the millions of victims the nazis had tortured, referring to our concentration camps as the greatest shame in the twentieth century. My words triggered off such an uproar that I was prepared for the worst. A portly gentleman said to me: 'Another word like that from you and we'll throw you out of the carriage.'"

The embarrassed writer of the letter ended by saying:

"I do not see a way out of this blind alley. Above everything else this is the result of the ambiguous and hypocritical methods used by the British authorities who punish farmers by imprisoning them for selling a pig without permission

* Werwolf — name of terrorist nazi groups, operated in the Germany occupied by Allied Forces — Tr.

in ... February 1945, when we were still under Hitler's rule, while at the same time they feed whole divisions of rabid Hitlerites. That is why the Tommies are berated in the British zone. This attitude is not invalidated by the fact that a number of tarts now date the Tommies."

I raised my head. Fräulein Edda's rubber coat rustled by.

"Interesting material, isn't it?" the editor asked politely, and, without waiting for my response, added:

"I've got another document here which will be no less interesting to you..."

He took a piece of paper from his pocket, but before showing it to me he went to the door and looked down the corridor.

"Here, read it."

It was yet another anonymous letter which read:

"The best of the German people convicted at the Belsen trial have been hanged.

"But the German youth will take revenge for this. It is a pity that before the arrival of the British they did not gas all those inmates. We lost the war because of traitors. Now these criminals walk at large and write in newspapers. Tremble! Werewolf is awake!"

I was somewhat surprised by the editor's strange behavior, because the letter in no way differed from the rest.

"Take a look at the letter 'k.' See, it slants a bit to the right. Another detail: the exclamation mark has only half of the dot. And now come to this room for a minute."

The editor inserted a sheet of paper in the typewriter and typed first the letter 'k' and then the exclamation mark. The dot in the exclamation mark was broken under the same angle as in the anonymous letter.

"Now you understand why my nerves aren't always as they should be?"

I looked at the typewriter which only a few minutes ago had been used by Fräulein Edda.

"I'm afraid you're complicating things..."

The editor took the paper out of the typewriter and tore it to little pieces.

"Who'll assure me that she won't be replaced by somebody worse? At least she's doing her job diligently."

We bid each other farewell.

Some kilometers from the township the driver stopped the car. Nearby a willow tree was copiously shedding tears which ran down its trunk. I raised my eyes and on the branches covered with a maze of greenery hardly visible through the cursed mist I saw the trace of spring for the first time that year.

I yearned so much to be home in my own country.

WONDERS IN THE HERSBRUCK CAMP

In Bavaria there is a little town — Hersbruck, which only recently was known as Little Dachau — little, because the Hersbruck crematory had only one furnace which could handle no more than a hundred corpses a day. As the residents of Hersbruck apologetically say, it was not even a factory of death, but a sort of a handicraft shop.

True, these same residents will tell you that the flourishing of this branch of German industry would have been fairly provided for in Hersbruck as well were it not, as Göring maintained, for the "untimely" death of Himmler.

Soon a year will pass since the day when the black smoke smelling of burnt human flesh rose for the last time over the Hersbruck crematory. But the concentration camp has remained intact. And quite right! Let the inventors, builders, administrators and guards of Oswiecim feel in some way at least what Oswiecim is like.

Who is not there today! University specialists on racial theory, bearers of the Order of „Blut und Boden*,“ editors of such newspapers as *Völkischer Beobachter* and *Der Stürmer*, merited

* „Blut und Boden“ — "Blood and Land" (Ger.) — Tr.

Gestapo veterans, Gauleiters, pillagers grayed in battle, incendiaries of Kharkiv and Warsaw, executioners of Lviv, furnace tenders of Majdanek, and soap-boilers of Danzig. The very flower of the "Herrenvolk"! At long last justice has triumphed in the American occupation zone... From now on Europe can sleep in peace. The nazis who leave the Hersbruck concentration camp aren't nazis any more. This is effected by the latest achievements in pedagogy, the significance of which, so to speak, is comparable only to the invention of the atom bomb. In the course of several weeks the wolves become sheep, and the most rabid sinners — righteous men.

Here are the methods which yield such fantastic results.

First of all no humiliation of human dignity whatsoever! The inmates of the Hersbruck educational establishment for chronic nazis are not dressed in striped jackets. If in individual cases some do wear such jackets it involves only those who thereby want to preserve their own clothes. Work is not only not enforced, but in the majority of cases even forbidden: the sinner has to have as much free time as possible for repentance. So don't be surprised if behind the barbed wire of the Hersbruck concentration camp you see throngs of portly gentlemen whose sole occupation throughout the whole day is walking around with hands in pockets and smoking long Bavarian

pipes. Don't be surprised and don't be angry, for right before your eyes the sinners become righteous men and the most inveterate Hitlerites — pure-blooded democrats.

To extend their qualifications in democracy the camp operates a special school whose lecturers teach the principles of democracy, while the officers of the Salvation Army read and interpret the Bible to the inmates. When, occasionally, a student furtively applies a handkerchief to his eyes during lectures, that means that the seed of truth has already taken root in his soul and the cured nazi is free to go home ahead of schedule.

Holding that a healthy spirit can thrive only within a healthy body, the camp administration sees that every possible earthly need of their students is satisfied. The temperature in the barracks dares not drop below 18° Centigrade. Moreover, bearing in mind that people catch cold, the camp administration has issued each inmate two warm woollen blankets.

Doctors have long ago come to the conclusion that a hot bath evokes pleasant dreams. The camp administration has taken this fact into account as well: every barrack has fully equipped premises, from which, every evening, comes the cheerful sound of splashing water and exclamations of perfect bliss which only a hot shower taken before a hearty meal can produce.

After you find out all the details about the life of Hersbruck's prisoners you won't be surprised, of course, to hear the camp commandant say: "There has not been a single serious complaint from my inmates." Should you inquire what the trivial complaints had been, they'll tell you: "Some inmates complain that the camp does not have a bar. These people don't want to understand that everything we do here is done for their good. Under the influence of alcohol their nazi illness might recur."

Now, since you have seen everything of interest at the camp, you go to the exit where you might witness a moving scene of a party of cured nazis leaving for home. On parting, an elderly lady dressed in Salvation Army uniform presents each ex-prisoner a copy of the Bible.

Tears of emotion glisten in her eyes. At this the cured patients take their handkerchiefs as well. You must really have a heart of stone not to break into tears at the sight of such benevolence!

...When Frau Kunegund, our domestic, found out about the Hersbruck camp, she changed completely. Previously she would grieve all day long: "Before the war my husband weighed a good hundred kilos, and now it's hardly eighty. He's like a withered flower. Tell me, please, what does he suffer for? Why, he was never a nazi."

Lately, Frau Kunegund stopped bemoaning her unfortunate husband, and her face took on the slightly sick expression which some women acquire when compelled to conceal a secret.

At long last Frau Kunegund could not hold out any longer and told me confidentially yesterday: "My husband's in Hersbruck!"

"What? But you said he had never been a nazi!"

Frau Kunegund looked around frightenedly.

"And he never was one. I simply wanted to save him, and some good people helped me out. For two packs of cigarettes they verified that my Karl-Peter had been member of the Nazi Party since 1923 and served in the Gestapo..."

Frau Kunegund's eyes beamed with joy.

"After the first week he gained two kilograms!.."

I was no less overwhelmed by Frau Kunegund's sense of practicality than by the "customs" at the American concentration camp for nazis.

1946

IT HAPPENED

The Nuremberg gallows did their job. The solid Liverpool ropes conclusively did away with ten major criminals. The eleventh — Hermann Göring — was saved from the gallows by potassium cyanide.

Those who had prepared the crematory furnaces for a good half of mankind met a deserved death. They met it just as one would expect from mass killers: with feet trembling, their faces contorted with horror. The greatest of all comedians in this line of bloodthirsty comedians, Hermann Göring, completely lost his bluster. On the fifth day after the verdict was announced, his pen fell from his trembling hand, and in blind fear of imminent death the generous distributor of death crept into the darkest hole of his prison cell. The cynical murderer Hans Frank stuck his nose into the prayer book and pounded his chest so loud as to make the repentance of the newly converted Catholic be heard not only in the Vatican, but also by the Control Commission for Germany, in whose hands his destiny rested. Rosenberg and Sauckel, who spread death upon millions of human beings with an easy hand, were pestering the guards day and night, asking

whether a request for their pardon had come from Berlin... Upon hearing the verdict, even Keitel and Jodl, who up to now had been so comfortable playing the role of "obscure" soldiers, only asked for the noose to be replaced by a bullet; before execution they resembled human scrap devoid of traces of dignity. Thus in a reek of fear, in a state of complete moral disintegration the erstwhile tyrants and murderers of Europe receded into the murk of oblivion.

Some might be surprised by the glaring contrast between the conduct of the Nuremberg defendants during the trial and in the face of close death. In the witness box Göring had nothing in common with the Göring on the eve of his execution. Speaking before the Tribunal, he at times behaved as if he faced not the judges, but the "deputies" of Hitler's Reichstag.

Neither did Ribbentrop nor Keitel and Streicher betray any particular discomposure. At times it seemed that this was a sort of discussion club where the nazi ringleaders substantiated their viewpoints in varying degrees of fervor rather than the session hall of the International Tribunal. There is no denying the fact that their behavior was too unconstrained.

This had its reasons. When Göring got up in the dock to take his place at the microphone, the end of the trial was still a long way ahead. The newspapers, which the defendants greedily read

over the shoulders of their defense attorneys, evoked hopes in the Görings that time would be working in their favor. After the Fulton speech, Churchill, in their eyes, gained the proportions of a fairy-tale knight who one wonderful day would open the gates of freedom to them and, recalling their vocation and skill, would let them run along beside his chariot.

Like all their associates at large they hoped for a Third World War. For them a third war seemed like a good fairy which would give them back their former wealth and power and the opportunity to materialize the plans of the Third Reich within the framework of a Fourth Reich...

From the first day of the trial they and their defense attorneys awaited with bated breath some signs of discord between the Tribunal members, and on their part did everything possible to provoke such a discord. They also shaped their tactics toward this end: the adulatory smiles and nods of agreement were meant for the British while the sarcastic grimaces and feigned inadvertence — for the Soviet prosecutors.

The Nuremberg defendants also sought help from the Germans, the same Germans whom they had besmirched with indelible shame, whose country they had brought to cataclysmic ruin. When questioned about the responsibility of the German people for the war, the "fat Hermann" magnanimously rejoined: "The German people

are innocent..." But it was only a test shot. Regarding the dormant nazi sympathies of inveterate philistines as the voice of the German people, Göring, in league with the other defendants, appealed not so much to the Tribunal as to the German "in the street."

Herein we should seek the main reasons for the self-confidence of the accused nazis throughout the trial, the self-confidence which in no way differed from common impudence.

Today no trace of it is left.

The calculations on a chasmal discord between the Allied nations, which Göring & Co. had so much hoped for, were shattered in the face of a reality which proved infuriating to the defendants. Their hopes for a clash of dissenting opinions between the International Tribunal members were also shattered, for if such differences did occur they did not save the nazi murderers from the punishment they deserved a million times over. Contrary to the cherished hopes of the Görings, the nations' conscience proved to be more powerful than all the behind-the-scenes machinations of the pro-fascist tricksters from the Munich tribe. It was the 26 million tortured people who made the last statement at the trial, and this statement sealed the destiny of the nazi criminals.

Neither did the Görings gain anything by attempting to make advances to the German peo-

ple. An hour after the verdict was read, the streets leading to the Nuremberg *Justizpalast* were filled with a crowd of German workers. These Germans, it is true, came to protest against the verdict, but only against that part of it, which acquitted Schacht, Pappen and Fritzsche. Similar demonstrations, but larger in number, took place in Berlin, Leipzig, Hamburg and other industrial centers of Germany. It was precisely under pressure from these Germans that the Bavarian police were compelled to put Schacht behind prison bars some hours after he was released from the Nuremberg prison. The Görings lost the game: the German "in the street," who for years had been deceived by the Görings, the German "in the street" spoke at last the same language as the court of justice.

In the margin of one of Admiral Canaris's memoranda which treated the question of the extermination of Soviet POWs, Keitel wrote the following: "We are dealing here with the destruction of an ideology and, therefore, I approve such measures and I sanction them." When Keitel was sentenced to death by hanging for "approving and sanctioning" these atrocities, the criminal all of a sudden recalled "soldier's honor" and asked for the noose to be replaced by an "honorable" bullet ... That's how the double morals of the Keitels looked like, that's their brand of *Weltanschauung*.

Keitel's petition was turned down: he was strung up side by side with Ribbentrop, Kaltenbrunner, Rosenberg, Frank, Fricke, Streicher, Jodl, Seyss-Inquart. The epilogue to their shameful life could be only a shameful death. And it came to them in the end.

Yes, only in this way could the authors and principal executives of the nazi *Weltanschauung* of legalized cannibalism and unsurpassable barbarity meet their death. Along with them, on an imaginary eleventh gallows, dangled the specter of nazism. And although the dragon teeth it has sown have sprouted into poisonous weeds on the fields of two continents, we know that now the world will not be trampled by the Hitlerites just as the Görings will never rise from the grave.

Long and hazardous was the path of freedom-loving nations to victory over the black forces of nazi barbarity. And if today we give a sigh of relief upon hearing that the culprits of the greatest world tragedy have been executed, let us not forget to pay homage to the officers and men of the Red Army who in fierce and unequal battle held out, won, and brought the principal nazi criminals to the court of nations.

It was something more than a feat. It was the materialization of mankind's cherished dream of a victory of good over the forces of evil.

Галан Ярослав Александрович

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